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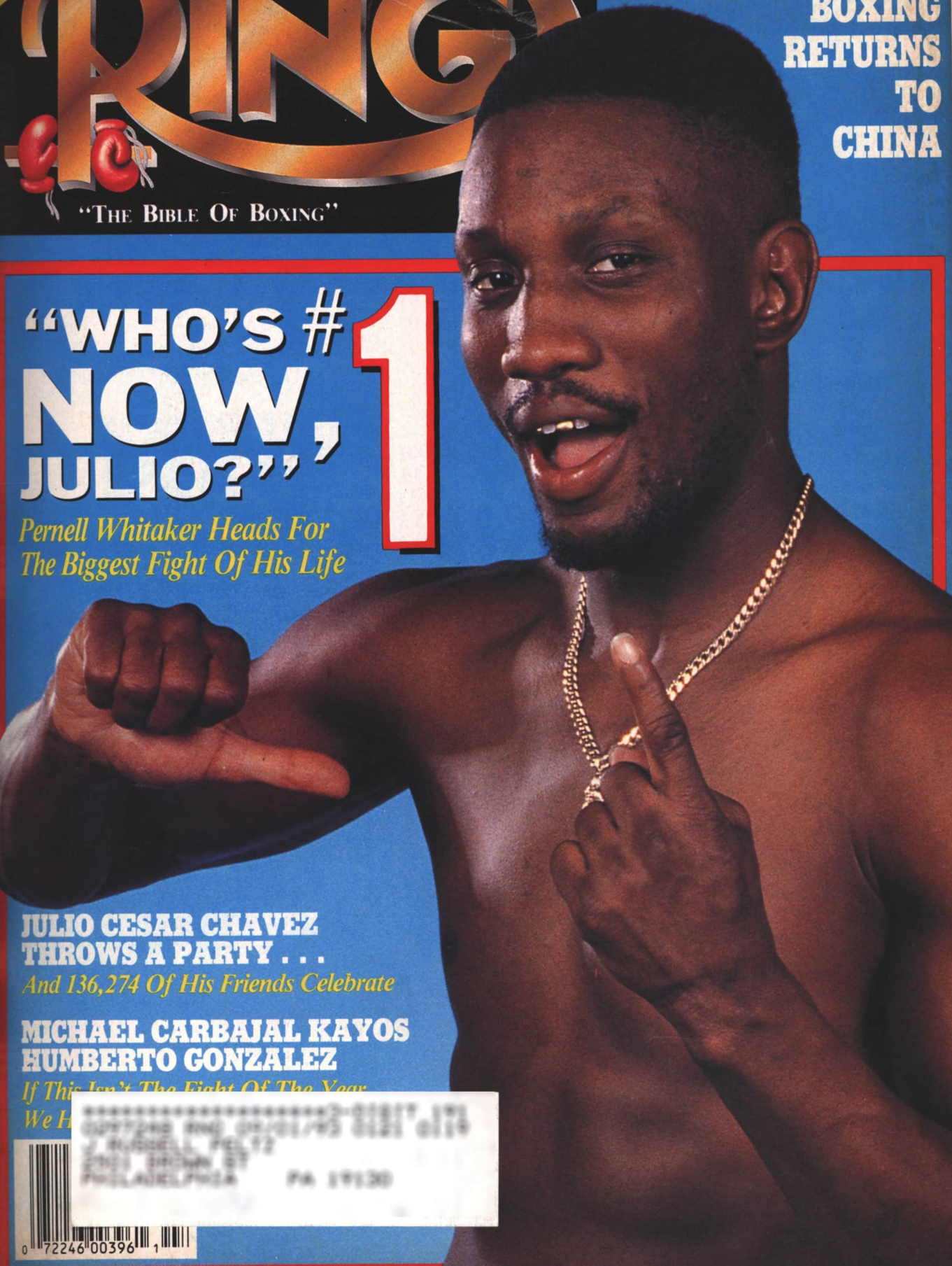

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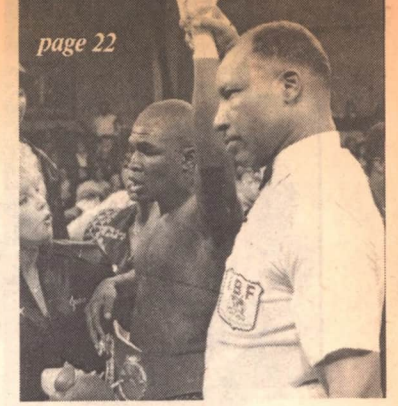
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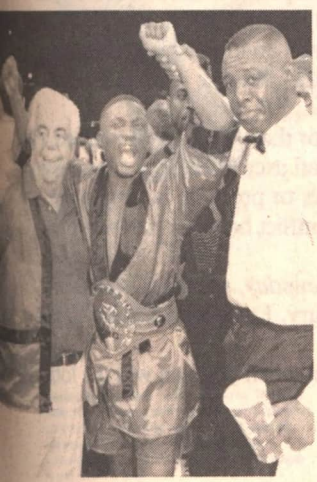
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Ringside

For most of us, a million dollars is something that only a winning lottery ticket can bring. A couple of months ago, Buddy McGirt believed that canceling his WBC welterweight title defense against Pernell Whitaker would be tantamount to ripping a winning lottery ticket in half and tossing it in the trash. But there's one big difference between our lottery and McGirt's: When we plunk down a dollar to buy a dream, we're hoping for a once-in-a-lifetime explosion of luck. McGirt had *earned* his payday.

McGirt's decision to face Whitaker with a torn rotator cuff created both prefight and postfight debate. I have to believe that the fighter knew he was going into battle with a serious injury, even though it was announced that a prefight magnetic resonance imaging test showed nothing worse than tendonitis. But McGirt did know that whatever was wrong with his left shoulder was preventing him from throwing a hook. Was he ripping off the public by fighting without his top weapon? Was his manager, Al Certo, wrong for sending the champion into the ring? Should Randy Gordon, the chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, have called off the fight, or at least demanded that McGirt undergo a more thorough examination? (The Commission doctor, Barry Jordan, never saw the results of the MRI.) After all, that McGirt had some sort of injury was apparent to everyone who had seen his last fight, a points win over Genaro Leon in January.

Difficult questions to answer. As it turned out, the courageous McGirt prevented a major controversy by fighting well enough to be competitive. In fact, one of the judges gave Whitaker the fight by a single point, and another had him in front only by two points. It's been argued that if every fighter with an injury refused to enter the ring, promoters wouldn't be able to fill a single card. But the point is a weak one; a torn rotator cuff is hardly just another injury.

McGirt did what he believed to be best for him. For that, he can't be blamed. (To his credit, he didn't repeatedly point to the injury as an excuse.) As for Commissioner Gordon, is his primary role to protect the consumer or promote boxing in the state? McGirt's injury underlined the potential for conflict between the two. Perhaps the job of chairman should be better defined.

Presumably speaking for his fighter, Certo told *Newsday,* speaking in the first person as is his habit: "Before the fight I had the injury. I still got the injury and a million bucks."

In other words, what's losing a championship fight when you can win the lottery?

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

The RING

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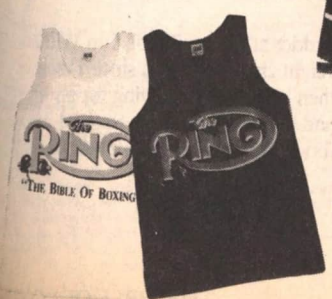

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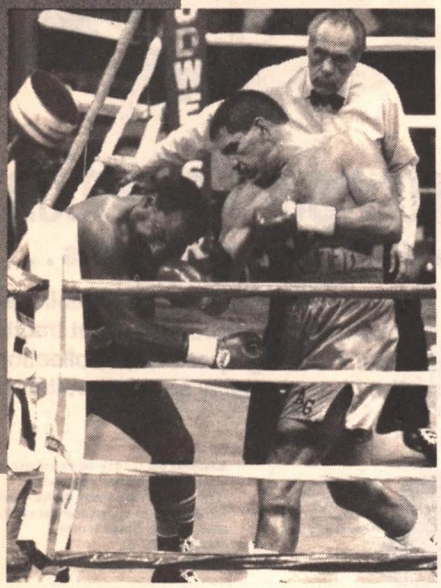


Garcia punishes Ossie Ocasio

UNDESERVED RATING

I just read your April 1993 issue and was surprised to find Alex Garcia ranked in your top 10. He hasn't even fought a top-10 fighter. You can make an argument for the rest of the guys, but *Alex Garcia?* At least the others have fought at least one contender each: Riddick Bowe (Holyfield, Cooper); Lennox Lewis (Ruddock); Evander Holyfield (Cooper, Stewart, Bowe); Michael Moorer (Cooper, Stewart); Tony Tucker (Tyson); George Foreman (Holyfield, Stewart, Cooper); Razor Ruddock (Lewis, Tyson); Ray Mercer (Morrison, Holmes); Tommy Morrison (Mercer); Alex Garcia (nobody).

C'mon, *Ring,* don't lose my respect!

J.D. BRIDGES
N. Hollywood, CA

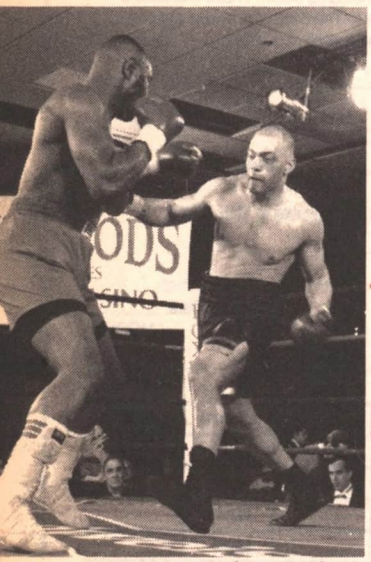
LOW BOWE

With a title defense against Michael "No Legs" Dokes under his belt, heavyweight champion Riddick Bowe and his manager, Rock Newman, seem intent on doing things their way. If the rumors that they're considering bouts against George Foreman, Larry Holmes, and Frank Bruno are true, it makes Bowe and Newman the hypocrites of hypocrites.

I have to question the integrity of the men who chastised Evander Holyfield for accepting lucrative title fights against the same Foreman and Holmes. Now that Bowe is the champ, what makes a defense against Foreman or Holmes any better?

Do Bowe and Newman believe the media and public will view such fights any differently than they did when Holyfield was champion? I think not. Bowe and Newman should start practicing what they preach.

ALONZO JEFFERSON
San Jose, CA



Williams chases Mike Robinson

ON SCHEDULE

Every time I turn on my TV set to watch boxing, I see Jeremy Williams in action. I know the former amateur star is managed by Bill Cayton, who helped guide another young heavyweight, Mike Tyson. Early in his career, Tyson's schedule included what seemed like a fight a week. I presume that Williams is being moved the same way. Has he been as busy as Tyson was?

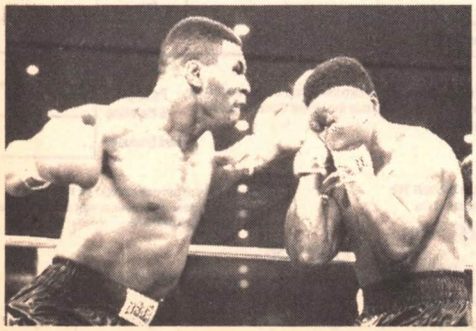
ROB CANDEL
Boca Raton, FL

Editor's Note: As we went to press, Williams, who turned pro in October 1992, had engaged in seven pro bouts over four months and two weeks. Tyson had his seventh pro bout four months and three weeks after turning pro.

WHO WAS THE YOUNGEST?

An issue that has been bothering me for a long time: Mike Tyson should not be credited with having become the youngest heavyweight champion in history. That honor still belongs to Floyd Patterson. The reason is simple: Tyson won *a* title from Trevor Berbick, and not *the* title. What Tyson won was a tainted WBC belt that had been abdicated by Larry Holmes and then shared by a bunch of overweight and undertrained pretenders. Tyson didn't gain recognition as the real, or linear, champion until he defeated Michael Spinks, at which point he was a couple of days shy of his 22nd birthday. When Patterson won the crown by defeating Archie Moore, he was one *month* short his 22nd birthday.

Tyson overwhelms Berbick



C'mon, guys, let's face the truth. We all shudder at the notion of Tim Witherspoon being thought of as a two-time heavyweight champion. But since Tyson captured the public's imagination at a time when boxing was starving for a star, we made an excuse, and suddenly the WBC had become reputable. Sorry, I just don't buy it. Tyson goes down in my history book as the *second*-youngest heavyweight champion of all-time.

MICHAEL G. FOLKS
Sayville, NY □

Volume 72, No. 7 July 1993

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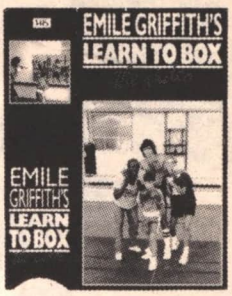

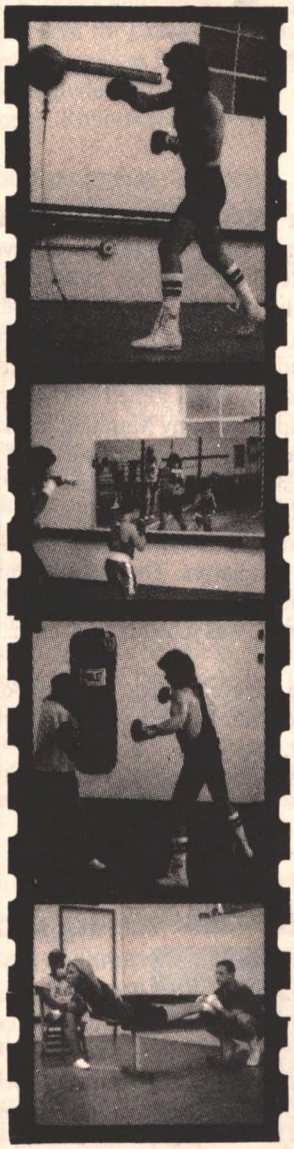

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Round One

Biggs: Still a gladiator

BIGGS: HANGIN' TOUGH

It's certain that Tyrell Biggs will never again contend for the world heavyweight title. But the 1984 Olympic gold medalist has found a new playing field. Appearing on the syndicated television series *American Gladiators,* Biggs joined fellow former Olympians Danny Manning (basketball), Alice Brown (track & field), Bill Johnson (skiing), Nancy Lieberman-Cline (basketball), and Kathy Turner (speed skating) in a competition against the house Gladiators. The special show, titled "The Gold Medal Challenge Of Champions," was scheduled to air in April.

Among the events Biggs tackled: Atlasphere, Breakthrough & Conquer, Hang Tough, The Joust, and The Eliminator.

Sounds tougher than 12 rounds with Mike Tyson.

Ruff: A lesson in courage

A RING ROLE MODEL

Born with limited use of his legs due to cerebral palsy, David R. Ruff has proven to be an inspiration to not only boxers, but everyone he meets.

Ruff, who lives in Wilmington, Delaware, has fought 40 exhibition bouts, using the ropes to his advantage much like Muhammad Ali in the "Rumble In The Jungle." He has received many honors, including the 1984 Award of Excellence, and has been named a lifetime member of the Veteran Boxing Association. Ruff also is an honorary Golden Gloves champion in Delaware and Pennsylvania.

Along with former boxer Ronnie Branch, Ruff operates the R&B Boxing Gym in Wilmington, where he trains amateurs and professionals. At age 37, he hopes to continue fighting "as long as I can help people along the way." As he brings boxers a step closer to their dreams, he instills lessons that will last beyond their years in the ring. He tries to show that hard work and dedication are attributes which provide lifelong benefits.

In April 1992, Delaware Senator Joseph Biden commended Ruff in a personal letter, calling him "an example of what it really means to have the determination, drive, and just plain guts to pursue a dream."

In other words, to keep punching.

—David Saldarelli

BRIGGS: TUG 'O WAR

Former national amateur champion Shannon Briggs is among the hottest prospects in boxing. He is also a heavyweight, which adds dramatically to his potential value. Perhaps it's no surprise, then, that there's a bitter battle being waged for control of the 21-year-old Brooklyn banger. And Briggs hasn't even had a dozen pro fights.

At war are two high-profile managers, Marc Roberts, who formerly headed the Triple Threat team (Ray Mercer, Al Cole, and Charles Murray), and Mike Marley, an attorney and former boxing writer who works as a consultant and publicist for Don King Productions. In July 1992, Roberts and Marley co-signed as Briggs' managers. According to Marley, it was his job to guide the fighter's career—Briggs quickly reeled off 10 victories. Roberts was to secure financing.

"I brought Shannon to him, and I brought [trainer] Teddy Atlas," Marley told *The Ring*. "I set up all 10 fights. Marc didn't know one [opponent] from the next."

But Briggs moved into Roberts' home in South Orange, New Jersey, and early in 1993, a freeze-out began.

"I'm calling all the shots in Shannon's career," said Roberts. "I'm managing Shannon. I built him a gym in West Orange, the most beautiful gym in the world, and I've begun a marketing blitz."

"He's in violation of my contract," countered Marley. "My co-managerial share will be protected legally. The story's not over."

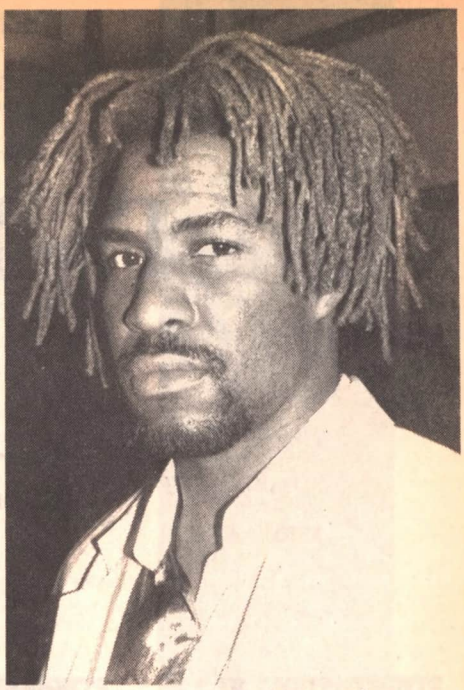
Why the split? Roberts said that "[Marley] did something I didn't like, something that was not smart on his part, something concerning the direction of Shannon's career." He wouldn't elaborate, but refused to deny that the "something" was Marley's attempt to sign a promotional deal with King.

Marley said that the problems started when Roberts refused to provide him with information concerning the names and backgrounds of the investors.

"All of a sudden, guys in suits are coming up to Shannon, saying, 'I'm one of your owners.' " he said. "Shannon says, 'I know I'm black, but I didn't know I had owners.' When I demanded to know who our new partners were, [Roberts] ran the other way. Why? He's not an honest person."

Ultimately, the loser may be Briggs. He fought 10 times from July to early-December '92, and, as of the second week in March, hadn't fought since.

—Steve Farhood



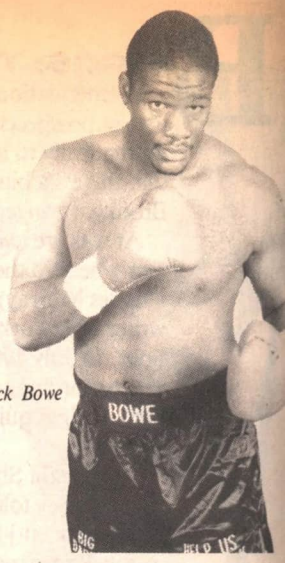
Briggs: Who's in control?

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

WBA super middleweight champion **Michael Nunn** was released on bond after being charged with alcohol and weapons violations in Orion, Illinois . . . In a motion filed in the Indiana Court of Appeals, **Mike Tyson**, who is serving a six-year sentence for rape, asked for a new trial based on "newly discovered evidence" that **Desiree Washington** had, in October 1989, made a false rape accusation against **Wayne Walker**, a high school friend and classmate. One of Washington's lawyers, **Deval Patrick**, said that Washington had never accused Walker of rape. "It is categorically false," he said, "and it is totally irrelevant to the central question of what happened in that hotel room [with Tyson] in July of 1991" . . . **Pat Nappi**, who coached the U.S. Olympic boxing teams in 1976 and '84, died at age 75 in his hometown of Syracuse, New York . . . **Michael Moorer** pleaded guilty to simple assault for breaking a police officer's jaw and was sentenced to two years probation. The incident occurred in August 1991, in Moorer's hometown of Monessen, Pennsylvania. ■

AL KRATZER'S VIEW

The Ring Ratings



Riddick Bowe

For Period Ended
March 17, 1993

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By *The Ring* Editors
Records Compiled By Eric Armit

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 160 pounds

1 JULIAN JACKSON
Virgin Islands *46-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 REGGIE JOHNSON
Houston, TX *33-2-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 ROY JONES
Pensacola, FL *21-0*

4 SUMBU KALAMBAY
Italy *55-5-1*

5 GERALD McCLELLAN
Detroit, MI *27-2*

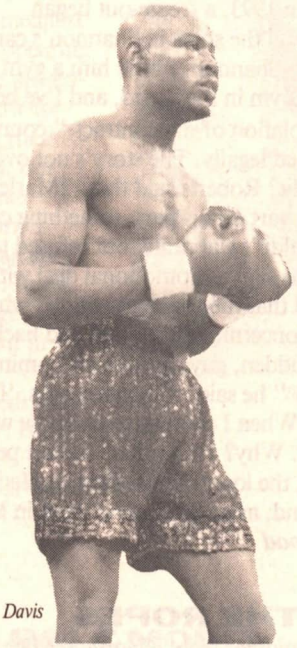
6 BERNARD HOPKINS
Philadelphia, PA *22-1*

7 THOMAS TATE
Houston, TX *27-2*

8 LAMAR PARKS
Greeneville, SC *23-1*

9 OTIS GRANT
Canada *18-0*

10 FREDERIC SEILLIER
France *31-4-2*



Aaron Davis

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 154 pounds

1 TERRY NORRIS
Mission Valley, CA *34-3 (WBC Champ)*

2 JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ
Argentina *41-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 GIANFRANCO ROSI
Italy *57-3 (IBF Champ)*

4 VINNY PAZIENZA
Cranston, RI *33-5*

5 JOHN DAVID JACKSON
Seattle, WA *28-0*

6 VERNO PHILLIPS
New York, NY *18-5*

7 GILBERT DELE
France *33-3-1*

8 CARL DANIELS
St. Louis, MO *27-1*

9 AARON DAVIS
Bronx, NY *35-1*

10 LAURENT BOUDOUANI
France *22-1*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 126 pounds

1 PAUL HODKINSON
England *22-1-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 TOM JOHNSON
Detroit, MI *31-2-1 (IBF Champ)*

3 YUNG KYUN PARK
South Korea *23-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 KEVIN KELLEY
Flushing, NY *32-0*

5 MANUEL MEDINA
Mexico *46-4*

6 JESSE JAMES LEIJA
San Antonio, TX *25-0-1*

7 RUBEN PALACIO
Colombia *45-11-2*

8 LUISITO ESPINOSA
Philippines *31-6*

9 COLIN McMILLAN
England *23-2*

10 GOYO VARGAS
Mexico *28-3-1*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 122 pounds

1 KENNEDY McKINNEY
Las Vegas, NV *22-0-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 TRACY PATTERSON
Highland, NY *47-2-1 (WBC Champ)*

3 WILFREDO VASQUEZ
Puerto Rico *36-6-3 (WBA Champ)*

4 WELCOME NCITA
South Africa *31-1*

5 DUKE McKENZIE
England *33-3*

6 JESUS SALUD
San Diego, CA *43-5*

7 RUDY ZAVALA
Rosemead, CA *21-1-1*

8 JULIO GERVACIO
Puerto Rico *24-3-2*

9 JESSE BENAVIDES
Corpus Christi, TX *35-3-1*

10 LUIS MENDOZA
Colombia *34-4-2*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 118 pounds

1 ORLANDO CANIZALES
Laredo, TX *33-1-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 JUNIOR JONES
Brooklyn, NY *28-0*

3 ELIECER JULIO
Colombia *22-0 (WBA Champ)*

4 VICTOR RABANALES
Mexico *33-10-2 (WBC Champ)*

5 JOICHIRO TATSUYOSHI
Japan *8-1-1*

6 EDDIE COOK
Las Vegas, NV *18-2*

7 ISRAEL CONTRERAS
Venezuela *35-3-1*

8 JAVIER LEON
Mexico *38-5-2*

9 RAFAEL DEL VALLE
Puerto Rico *13-0*

10 HAROLD MESTRE
Colombia *15-2*

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1 **RIDDICK BOWE**
Fort Washington, MD *33-0 (WBA/IBF Champ)*

2 **LENNOX LEWIS**
England *22-0 (WBC Champ)*

3 **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
Atlanta, GA *28-1*

4 **MICHAEL MOORER**
Detroit, MI *31-0*

5 **TONY TUCKER**
Beverly Hills, CA *48-1*

6 **GEORGE FOREMAN**
Marshall, TX *72-3*

7 **RAZOR RUDDOCK**
Canada *27-4-1*

8 **TOMMY MORRISON**
Merriam, KS *34-1*

9 **ALEX GARCIA**
San Fernando, CA *31-1*

10 **TONY TUBBS**
Redondo Beach, CA *33-4*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 195 pounds

1 **BOBBY CZYZ**
Montgomery, NJ *40-5 (WBA Champ)*

2 **ANACLET WAMBA**
France *38-2 (WBC Champ)*

3 **AL COLE**
Spring Valley, NY *22-1 (IBF Champ)*

4 **ORLIN NORRIS**
Campo, CA *35-3*

5 **JAMES WARRING**
Miami, FL *14-2*

6 **NATE MILLER**
Philadelphia, PA *21-3*

7 **ARTHUR WILLIAMS**
Las Vegas, NV *18-1-1*

8 **AKIM TAFER**
France *16-3*

9 **MARCELO FIGUEROA**
Argentina *30-3*

10 **ROBERT DANIELS**
Miami, FL *22-2-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1 **PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS**
Mansfield, OH *33-4-2 (IBF Champ)*

2 **VIRGIL HILL**
Bismarck, ND *34-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 **JEFF HARDING**
Australia *23-1 (WBC Champ)*

4 **LEEONZER BARBER**
Detroit, MI *17-1*

5 **FRANK TATE**
Houston, TX *32-3*

6 **HENRY MASKE**
Germany *19-0*

7 **IRAN BARKLEY**
Bronx, NY *30-8*

8 **TIM HILLIE**
Washington, D.C. *15-0*

9 **EGERTON MARCUS**
Canada *10-0*

10 **RANDALL YONKER**
Mobile, AL *28-2*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1 **JAMES TONEY**
Ann Arbor, MI *35-1-2 (IBF Champ)*

2 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Davenport, IA *40-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 **CHRIS EUBANK**
England *35-0*

4 **NIGEL BENN**
England *35-2 (WBC Champ)*

5 **TIM LITTLES**
Flint, MI *21-0*

6 **VICTOR CORDOBA**
N. Ireland *18-5-2*

7 **DARRIN VAN HORN**
Lexington, KY *53-3*

8 **TONY THORNTON**
Glassboro, NJ *30-5-1*

9 **FRANK LILES**
N. Hollywood, CA *23-1*

10 **FRANK NICOTRA**
France *30-0*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 147 pounds

1 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Norfolk, VA *32-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 **CRISANTO ESPANA**
N. Ireland *28-0 (WBA Champ)*

3 **BUDDY McGIRT**
Hauppauge, NY *58-3-1*

4 **MAURICE BLOCKER**
Germantown, MD *34-3 (IBF Champ)*

5 **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
Mexico *44-0*

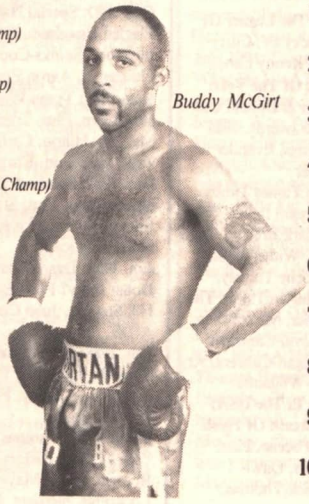
6 **GENARO LEON**
Mexico *41-3-2*

7 **STEPHAN JOHNSON**
Brooklyn, NY *21-4-1*

8 **DAVID GONZALEZ**
Houston, TX *32-2-1*

9 **LARRY BARNES**
Mount Vernon, NY *27-1*

10 **FELIX TRINIDAD**
Puerto Rico *18-0*



Buddy McGirt

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 140 pounds

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Mexico *85-0 (WBC Champ)*

2 **JUAN COGGI**
Argentina *60-2-2 (WBA Champ)*

3 **TERRENCE ALLI**
Linden, NJ *52-7-2*

4 **CHARLES MURRAY**
Newark, NJ *27-1*

5 **RAFAEL PINEDA**
Colombia *28-2*

6 **CARLOS GONZALEZ**
Mexico *35-0*

7 **HECTOR LOPEZ**
Tarzana, CA *25-1*

8 **KOSTYA TSZYU**
Australia *7-0*

9 **FRANKIE RANDALL**
Morristown, TN *46-2-1*

10 **VINCENT PHILLIPS**
Las Vegas, NV *27-0*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 135 pounds

1 **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
Mexico *26-0 (WBC Champ)*

2 **FREDDIE PENDLETON**
Miami, FL *33-17-4 (IBF Champ)*

3 **TONY LOPEZ**
Sacramento, CA *42-3-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 **RAFAEL RUELAS**
Arleta, CA *36-1*

5 **TRACY SPANN**
Plainfield, NJ *27-2-1*

6 **JOEY GAMACHE**
Lewiston, ME *29-1*

7 **SHARMBA MITCHELL**
Takoma Park, MD *28-0*

8 **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
France *43-4-2*

9 **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
Atlantic City, NJ *17-0-1*

10 **MIGUEL JULIO**
Colombia *22-1-1*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 130 pounds

1 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Ghana *36-2-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
Los Angeles, CA *27-0 (WBA Champ)*

3 **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
Puerto Rico *28-3 (IBF Champ)*

4 **JEFF FENECH**
Australia *26-1-1*

5 **BERNARD TAYLOR**
Knoxville, TN *44-2-2*

6 **GABE RUELAS**
Arleta, CA *33-2*

7 **CALVIN GROVE**
Philadelphia, PA *42-5*

8 **REGILIO TUUR**
Whitestone, NY *31-2-1*

9 **RENATO CORNETT**
Australia *22-1-1*

10 **VICTOR HUGO PAZ**
Argentina *33-1-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 115 pounds

1 **SUNG KIL MOON**
South Korea *19-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 **KATSUYA ONIZUKA**
Japan *20-0 (WBA Champ)*

3 **JULIO BORBOA**
Mexico *18-4 (IBF Champ)*

4 **THALERNGSAK SITHBAOBAY**
Thailand *40-3*

5 **ROBERT QUIROGA**
San Antonio, TX *20-1*

6 **JOHNNY BREDAHL**
Denmark *16-0*

7 **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
Mexico *23-0*

8 **VINCENZO BELCASTRO**
Italy *23-5-3*

9 **NANA KONADU**
Ghana *25-2-1*

10 **JOEL LUNA ZARATE**
Mexico *21-0*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 112 pounds

1 **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
Japan *14-0 (WBC Champ)*

2 **PHICHIT SITHBANGPRACHAN**
Thailand *14-0 (IBF Champ)*

3 **DAVID GRIMAN**
Venezuela *15-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 **RODOLFO BLANCO**
Colombia *26-7-1*

5 **DAVE McAULEY**
Ireland *18-3-2*

6 **YONG KANG KIM**
South Korea *25-4*

7 **MUANGCHAI KITTIKASEM**
Thailand *19-2*

8 **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
Blythe, CA *32-3-1*

9 **SCOTTY OLSON**
Las Vegas, NV *23-1*

10 **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
Mexico *22-2-1*

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 108 pounds

1 **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
Phoenix, AZ *27-0 (IBF/WBC Champ)*

2 **MYUNG WOO YUH**
South Korea *37-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 **HUMBERTO GONZALEZ**
Mexico *35-2*

4 **HIROKI IOKA**
Japan *22-3-1*

5 **LEON SALAZAR**
Panama *15-3-1*

6 **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
Mexico *34-4-3*

7 **SHIRO YAHIRO**
Japan *16-0-1*

8 **JOSE DeJESUS**
Puerto Rico *26-2-1*

9 **DOMINGO SOSA**
Dominican Republic *17-1*

10 **ROBINSON CUESTA**
Panama *23-1*

POUND FOR POUND
Boxing's 10 Best Fighters, Pound For Pound

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Junior Welterweight

2 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Welterweight

3 **TERRY NORRIS**
Junior Middleweight

4 **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
Bantamweight

5 **RIDDICK BOWE**
Heavyweight

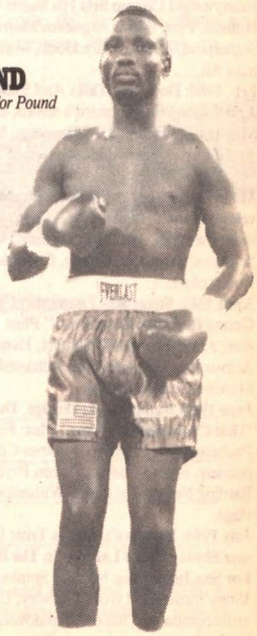
6 **JAMES TONEY**
Super Middleweight

7 **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
Junior Flyweight

8 **SUNG KIL MOON**
Junior Bantamweight

9 **ROY JONES**
Middleweight

10 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Junior Lightweight



Pernell Whitaker

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Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Sept. 1982: Leon Spinks: Boxing's Prodigal Son Returns To The Cruiserweights. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Sanchez-Nelson, Max Baer, Milton McCrory.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

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Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, & Future. Plus: Hagler & Duran: 'How I'll Win The Fight,' Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Mustafa-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Jack Johnson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

March 1984: Fighter Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Plus: *The Ring's* annual awards, 1983 fight calender, Carl Williams, Jung-Koo Chang, Chandler-Ruiz (color).

April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: *Ring's* ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: *Ring* Olympic Special. Plus: Mark Breland, Sugar Ray Leonard, Frank Bruno, Bramble-Mancini (color), Hatcher-Bumphus (color).

Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

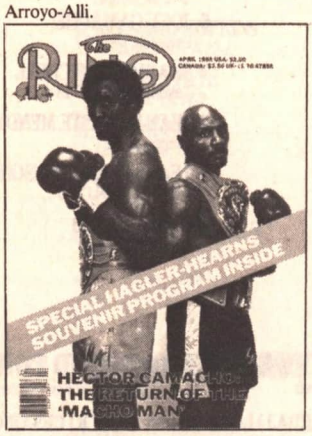
Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.



APRIL 1985

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before!" By Evander Holyfield. Plus: Muhammad Ali painting, Ali-Liston II, New York welters, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan.

Aug. 1990: His Greatness Confirmed . . . Is Julio Cesar Chavez The Greatest Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Sullivan & Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler—Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Thanks For The Memories: Rocky Graziano, 1922-1990. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Mike Tyson, Napoles-Leonard, A Gathering Of Champions (color).

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman: Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Marciano-LaStarza, boxing's best chins, Azumah Nelson, Sullivan-Kilrain (color).

Dec. 1990: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Joe Grim, Douglas-Holyfield preview, Marciano-Frazier, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV: Now You'll Pay. Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison, Humberto Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis, heavyweight *Ring* covers (color).

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ. Plus: Charles Murray, Billy Bird, Khaosai Galaxy, Armstrong-Duran, computer flyweight tournament, Sonny Liston (color).

April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Mike Tyson, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, computer bantamweight tournament.

May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Later, Still The Fight Of The Century. Plus: Hometown heroes, George Costner, Galindez-Saad Muhammad, Tony Canzoneri, computer featherweight tournament, Ali-Frazier pinup.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Holyfield-Foreman preview, Norris-Leonard, Freddie Steele, computer lightweight tournament, Tiger-Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be . . . But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

Aug. 1991: Fat, Funny, And Forty-Two, But Certainly No Fraud: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight . . . And The World A Thrill. Plus: Harry Greb, Louis-Conn I, making weight, computer welterweight tournament, Dempsey-Marciano, Holyfield-Foreman (color).

Oct. 1991: A Hit Again—How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness: Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech-Azumah Nelson, Overrated and Underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Muhammad Ali (color).

Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, Rating the 44 World Champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

March 1992: Turning Heads—Ray Mercer Makes His Statement To The Heavyweights. Plus: Lou Nova, 1980 Olympic team, boxing cards, Rodrigo Valdes, *Ring's* New Year's wish, Joe Louis-Muhammad Ali, Jack Dempsey (color).

April 1992: Is Evander Holyfield Tough Enough To Stay On Top? Plus: Buddy McGirt, George Foreman, Toney-McCallum, referees, Marvin Hart, Al Hostak, Eusebio Pedroza-Salvador Sanchez, Ketchel-Johnson (color).

May 1992: Fighter Of The Year: James Toney. Plus: Roy Jones, Rocky Graziano, longest title reigns, Myung Woo Huh & Khaosai Galaxy, James Warring, Billy Soose, Duran-Chavez, Marvin Hagler (color).

June 1992: After Mike Tyson's Conviction: What Now? Plus: Buck Smith, Billy Graham, Holmes-Mercer, Enrique Pinder & Hilario Zapata, Toney-Tiberi, Foreman-Liston, Tyson (color).

July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

Aug. 1992: Larry Holmes On The Big Fight: "I See Me Takin' Holyfield Outta There." Plus: Iran Barkley, Carnival of Champions, Oscar De La Hoya, Haugen-Mancini, Foreman-Stewart, Harry Greb, Gene Tunney (color).

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Jan. 1993: Slammin' n' Jammin'—Bowe & Holyfield Go One On One. Plus: The State Of The Game, Gene Fullmer, Chavez-Camacho, Sullivan & Fitzsimmons, Bigfoot Martin, Carmen Basilio (color).

Feb. 1993: America's Tribute To The Brown Bomber: Joe Louis. Plus: Virgil Hill, Junior Jones, Roger Mayweather, Chicago boxing, Orlando Zulueta, Jose Napoles (color).

March 1993: From Question Man To Answer Man: Riddick Bowe Leaves No Doubts. Plus: Lennox Lewis, Lopez-Gamache, Frank Bruno, Rocky Kansas, Frank Fletcher, Crisanto Espana, Bowe-Lewis (color).

April 1993: Riddick Bowe: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: "Grand Slam" fight card, Toney-Barkley preview, Morris East, Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis, Argentina's All-Time Top 10, Fighters of the Year (color).

May 1993: Oscar De La Hoya's Sprint To The Title: Is He Good Enough Now? Plus: *The Ring* poll, Freddie Pendleton, Carbajal-Gonzales preview, Benny Leonard, Charley Burley, Lennox Lewis (color).

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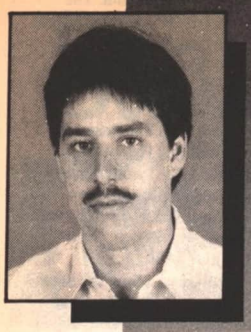


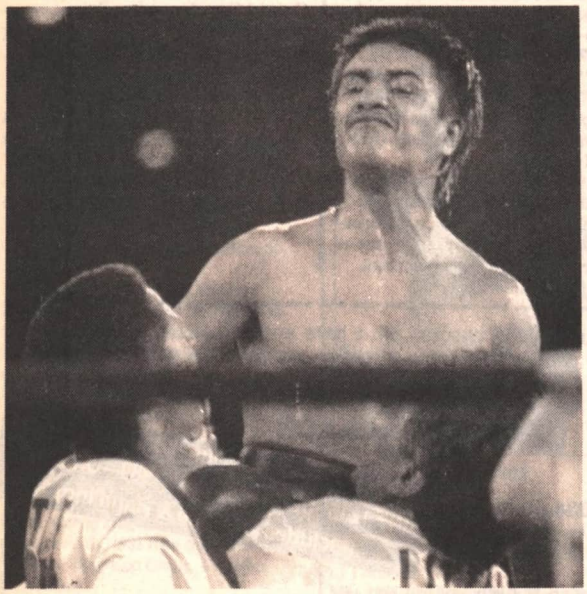
Ryan Out Loud

By Jeff Ryan

GETTING STONED

When the kid from Phoenix rose from the ashes in round seven, he left a few myths about boxing's little guys smoldering beneath him. Get this straight: A 108-pounder *can* bang. Whether he's hitting a fellow junior flyweight who is coming at him with a hook in ring center, or a 160-pounder who is coming at him with an attitude in a parking lot, the recipient wakes up with a migraine headache. Secondly, junior flys aren't midget wrestlers or hyperactive kiddies. When they wage a war, you should think of Bowe and Holyfield, not two unruly tykes whose frazzled mommies can't keep them from staging "The Thrilla In Vanilla" in a Dairy Queen.

Ironically, as Michael Carbajal was forever struggling to create a new image for the 108-pounders (establishing skyscraping goals like a $1-million purse and mainstream stardom), he was helping to perpetuate those dust-covered stereotypes. The IBF champion wasn't knocking people out. (Six decision wins in a row at one point.) He wasn't giving the TV outlets much reason to televise him beyond the old sentiment over his Olympic medal from Seoul. (How much value does silver really have after five years?) Worst of all, he wasn't *sounding* like a warrior.



Emotion poured from Carbajal after his thrilling one-punch knockout of Gonzalez. It was a side of the champion his fans hadn't previously seen.

Trying to dig through his interviews for a controversial quote, I felt like the head of a search team looking for a lone skier lost in an avalanche. Carbajal buried questioners in an avalanche of niceness. He was all vanilla, and no thrilla. This didn't make him a bad guy, of course. It *did* make him difficult to market, and, we have recently discovered, it kept him from being the ferocious gladiator that he is capable of being.

Carbajal has always idolized Roberto Duran, overlooking the feet of clay in favor of the hands of stone. But except for the long, dark hair and the Hispanic background, "Little Hands Of Stone" had little in common with his idol. He was an alley cat with the demeanor of a kitten. Missing was the nastiness, the cockiness, the dose of arrogance that great fighters must inject into their veins every day like a narcotic. While Duran would extend a middle finger to a potential rival, Carbajal would always extend a hand to shake.

Then, late last year, something happened. Carbajal started reading his press clippings.

They didn't go to his head, they instead went to his gut and sent him searching his medicine cabinet for the antacid. His sensitivity had kept him a gentleman in a knock-your-own-mother-down-a-flight-of-stairs-and-sleep-like-a-baby-afterward business. Now, that sensitivity had drawn a giant bull's-eye on his emotions. And everyone took aim. He read that he was an overrated puncher, a fighter whose zest for trench warfare was accelerating his decline, someone who had finally reached the modest career limits allowed a junior flyweight.

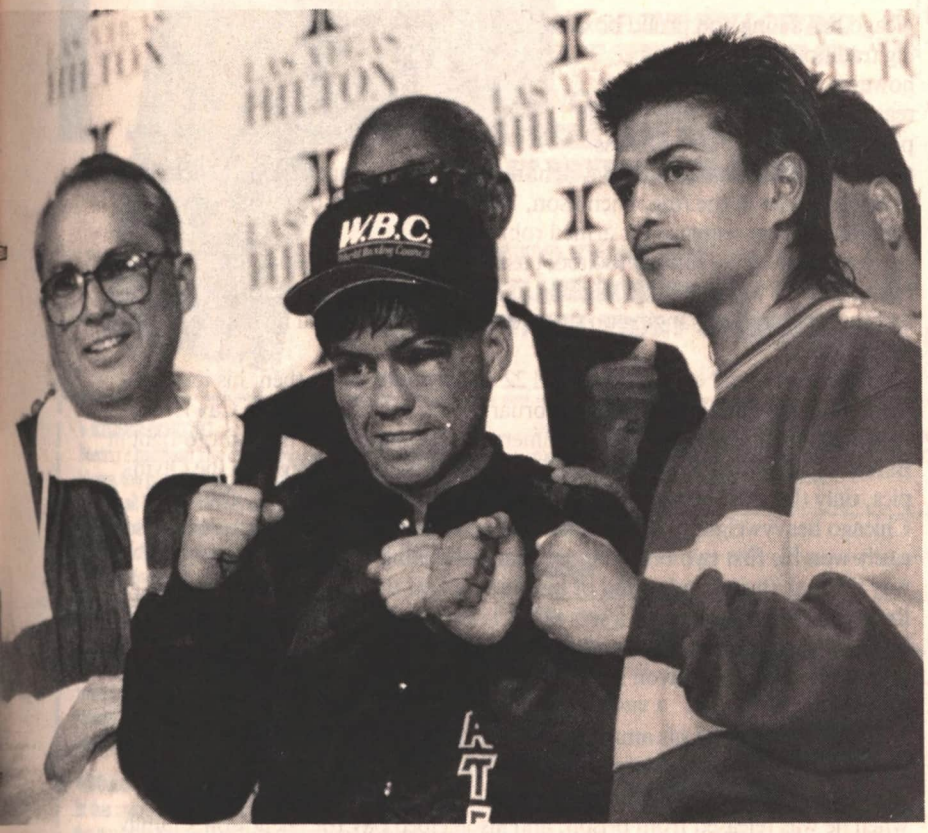
Slowly, Little Hands Of Stone began developing Little Chip On Shoulder. Not a boulder, or even a rock, just a chip. But when you're only 108 pounds, even a chip can make you tilt in a new direction. The new and disapproving Carbajal started to reveal himself before his December defense against unbeaten Panamanian Robinson Cuesta. Carbajal entered the bout, well, thoroughly pissed, and Cuesta exited it thoroughly dissed.

After the nearly flawless performance, the champion's usually bland interviews were, for the first time, seasoned with a pinch of I-told-you-so to enhance their flavor. But Carbajalics hadn't seen nothin' yet.

Before his unification bout with WBC titlist Humberto Gonzalez, Carbajal displayed his own brand of March madness. First, says promoter Bob Arum, the fighter "absolutely hit the ceiling" when he learned that ring announcer Jimmy Lennon, and not Michael Buffer, would be introducing him. Turning in an admirable showing in his prima donna debut, Carbajal insisted that Buffer also be hired, just to introduce *him.*

Carbajal then turned his newly found attitude on this magazine, expressing his annoyance that *The Ring* had picked Gonzalez to beat him. (We hereby nominate ourselves for Motivator Of The Year consideration.) Finally, before the fight, Carbajal promised to "box the s____" out of his rival. Box the *what?* The old Michael Carbajal would have washed his own mouth out with soap.

This was not Carbajal at his most appealing—just his most effective. I am convinced beyond a doubt that had he not changed his outlook on the game in these past few months, he wouldn't have staged the miraculous turnaround against Gonzalez, unified the title, and walked out of the Las Vegas Hilton with what must have seemed like an entire sport embracing him in admiration.



Gonzalez and Carbajal met the press afterward. If a rematch ever materializes, it will likely come at 112 pounds.

No, at some point, he would have succumbed. On this evening, Gonzalez, a crippling puncher and vastly underrated boxer, wasn't going to be beaten by a nice guy's mindset or an effort short of heroic. The old Carbajal may have fallen into that old pattern of fighting the other guy's fight, a flaw that got him busted up against nobodies in non-title fights. Maybe he would have never gotten up from the crunching knockdown in round five, or would have been leery of slugging the way that he had to in order to end the fight in the seventh. He could have lost in any number of ways, but he would have lost.

When he delivered the knockout punch, Carbajal was more animated than we'd ever seen him, pumping his fist and signaling that Gonzalez wasn't getting up. We even lip-read a "Yo, motherf____!" as he was being paraded around the ring. And in a postfight interview with pay-per-view analyst Al Bernstein, he dropped his guard (with far less consequence than in round five), declaring himself "bad," fancying himself a 1990s Bruce Lee, and saying that he knew Gonzalez didn't have the heart to get off the floor.

Don't worry, Carbajal isn't about to become James Toney West or Mike Tyson Lite. He's no threat to start a fight at a press conference, he won't have to be kept active to be kept out of trouble, and his horoscope doesn't call for any prison sentences or lawsuits. As Phoenix sons go, he's not even half as frightening as Charles Barkley. But he has changed.

Call me warped or apologetic, but I find this side of Carbajal more appealing than any other. Especially if it draws out the warrior who turned in a performance in Las Vegas that we're not likely to see from anyone in the, *ahem,* more glamorous divisions for quite a long time.

The reserved version of Little Hands Of Stone was a pebble in boxing's shoe. The cocky version is on his way to becoming a rock star. Roberto Duran has to be sneering in approval. ■

New Faces

Danell Nicholson

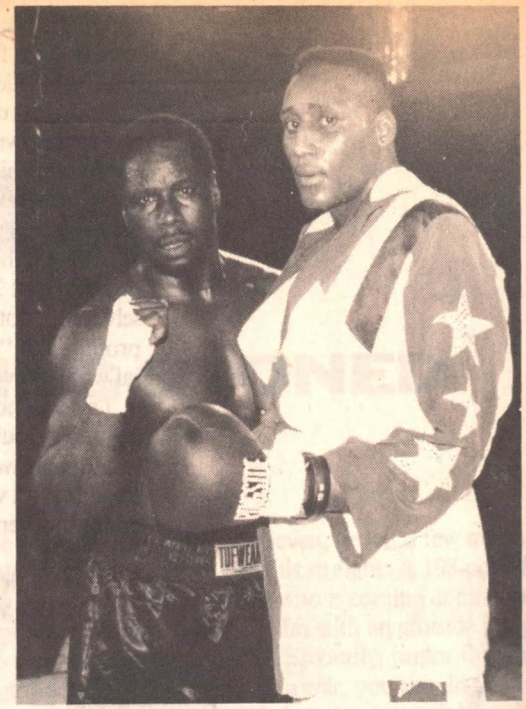
Heavyweight

PRO RECORD

	1992	
Oct. 14	Danny Nieves, Rosemont, IL	W 4
Oct. 23	Dave Slaughter, Countryside, IL	KO 1
Nov. 25	Donald Joe Blake, Las Vegas	KO 1
Dec. 11	James Holley, Countryside	KO 1
	1993	
Jan. 8	Jordan Keepers, Chicago	KO 1
Jan. 22	Danny Blake, Countryside	W 6
Feb. 26	Mark Posey, Countryside	KO 1

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
	7	7	0	0	5

Nicholson (right) with kayo victim Jordan Keepers



By Patrick Morley

Chicago has a long and proud boxing tradition. In recent years, however, its fans have had little reason to cheer. One who has the potential to change all of that is the USA's 1992 Olympic heavyweight representative, Danell "Doc" Nicholson. A late beginner in the ring, Nicholson, 25, learned how to box while serving a four-year prison sentence for armed robbery.

"I was one of the top high school basketball players in the nation," said Nicholson. "I was planning on going to college, but I didn't get offered a scholarship. I just started hanging on the street, too much time on my hands, getting into trouble."

While in prison, Nicholson won all 22 of his bouts. Since then, his improvement has been quite dramatic. In February 1992, he lost to Mareo Cawley in the Chicago Golden Gloves. By summertime, he had earned the right to fight in Barcelona by winning the Olympic Trials and Box-offs. Going into the Olympics, only the most hardcore of amateur observers knew anything about the Chicago heavyweight, who was little more than a year out of prison. Nicholson easily won his first two bouts before nearly shocking the boxing world. Halfway through the second round of his bout against the supposedly invincible Felix Savon, Nicholson led by a score of 7-1. But the Cuban closed to within 8-6 before the start of the third, and finished strongly to win by 13-11. The bout wasn't clinched until Savon scored with his famed right with 11 seconds remaining.

Nicholson finished his amateur career with a mark of 47-4. He turned pro under former Chicago alderman Ed Vrydolyak, a personal injury lawyer who also hosts a popular local radio talk show. Vrydolyak gave Nicholson a job when he was released from prison, and also helped pay for Nicholson's family to travel to Barcelona. The 6'3", 215-pound heavyweight is trained by Kasim Puskar and Alonso Johnson, who, in 1961, went 10 rounds with Muhammad Ali.

Nicholson is blessed with natural athletic ability, and possesses a statuesque physique. While body-beautiful heavyweights haven't fared well in recent years—contrast the success of hulks Bruce Seldon and Frank Bruno with that of Riddick Bowe and Larry Holmes—Nicholson feels that his proficiency at other sports has helped him to quickly learn how to box. "I'm able to move better than some of the heavyweights who aren't as athletic," he points out.

For one who began at a late age, Nicholson's technical skills are quite sophisticated. He moves fluidly, puts together his punches well, and has two-fisted power. Critics have pointed out that he tends to get unnerved when up against good opposition, throwing arm punches and firing while off-balance. Others feel that his occasional lack of aggressiveness and laid-back style will hurt him as he advances.

(Continued on page 55)

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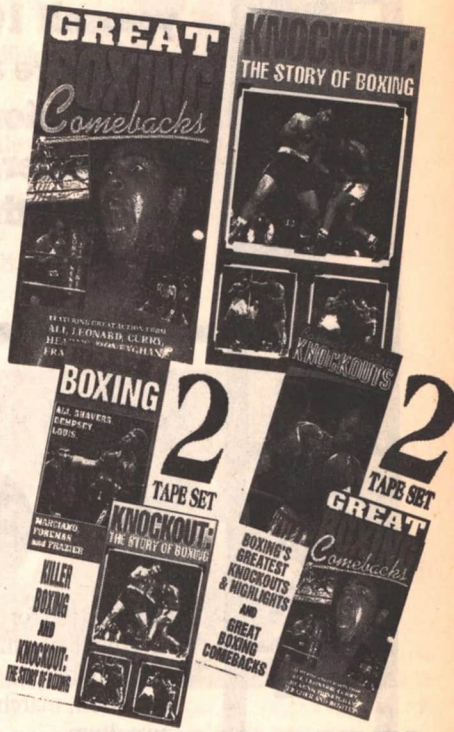

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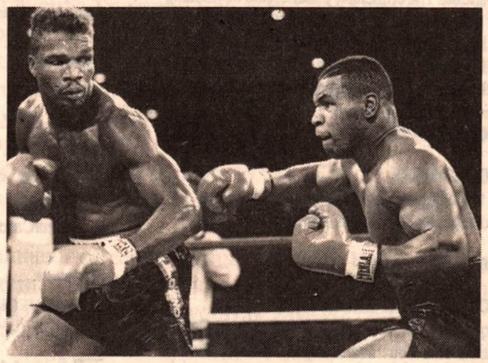
1

Okay, so the form isn't classic. This Liverpudlian, who was slick enough to land a right to the chin of Sugar Ray Robinson, marched to the beat of his own drum.

2

Turning away from Mike Tyson seemed like a smart thing to do, but it didn't save this blown-up cruiserweight from suffering a second-round knockout in September 1986.

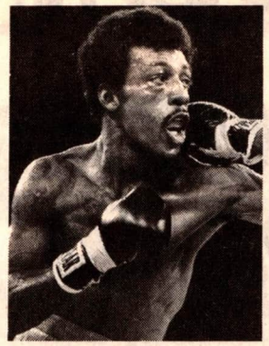


3

Our obligatory Ali question: In April 1972, "The Greatest" traveled to Tokyo for a 15-rounder vs. this big-punching heavyweight. Ali won on points.

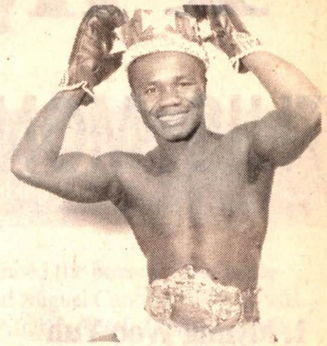
4

Pictured is '80s junior featherweight Hector Cortez. Name the fighter throwing the jab.



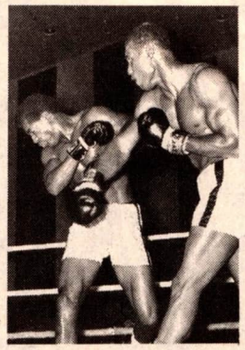
5

If you know where to look—and have incredible eyesight—you'll be able to read the name of this world titlist on his *Ring* championship belt. But that would be cheating. Hint: He reigned in the late-'50s.



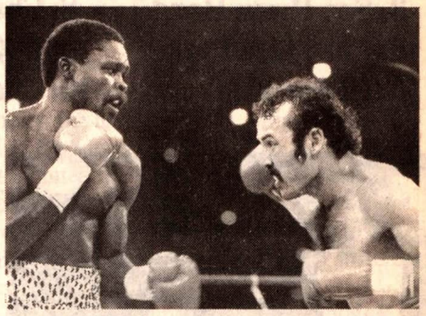
6

Not too many fighters are scheduled to box 10 rounds in their pro debuts. This heavyweight—note the impressive upper body—knocked out Grady Brazell in the ninth round of his first fight with this right hand.



7

This rugged Mexican lost in 130-pound world title fights to Azumah Nelson (pictured) and Julio Cesar Chavez. Jeff Fenech beat him, too.



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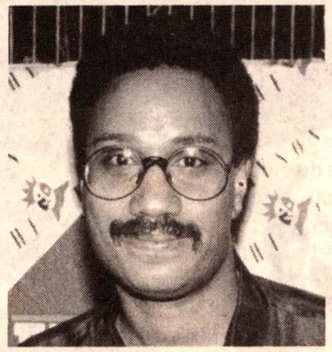
This is one of the most successful managers in boxing. If you don't recognize him, it's probably because he's been overshadowed by his father.



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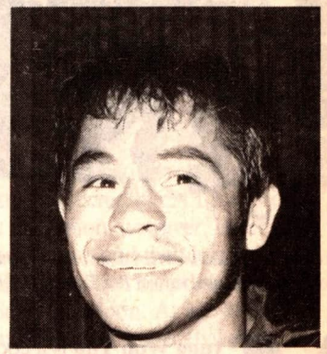
This bantamweight reigned during a time when Mexico produced 118-pound world champions by the handful. He was good enough to beat Ruben Olivares when "Rockabye Ruben" was in his prime.



10

And you thought Buster Douglas was fat! This master showman, who was involved in the Sugar Ray Leonard-Don Lalonde promotion, is best known for hyping 500-pound behemoths who fall on their foes. His father was a longtime boxing promoter.

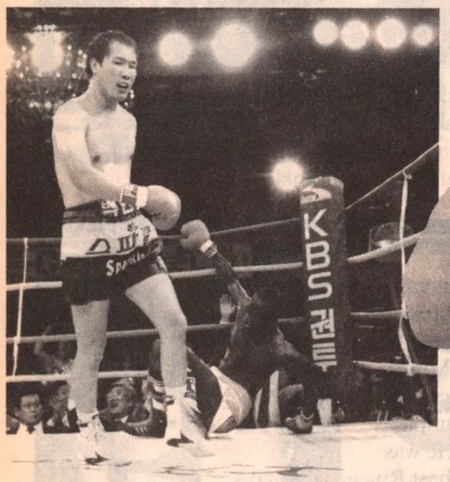
ANSWERS:

1) Ringo Starr; 2) Alfonzo Ratliff; 3) Mac Foster; 4) Just checking to see if you're paying attention; 5) Hogan "Kid" Bassey 6) Ken Norton; 7) Mario Martinez; 8) Carl King; 9) Chucho Castillo; 10) Vince McMahon Jr.

The Best Of A Nation

THIS MONTH: SOUTH KOREA

1. Myung Woo Yuh
2. Jung Koo Chang
3. Soo Hwan Hong
4. Chan Hee Park
5. Ki Soo Kim
6. Sung Kil Moon
7. Jae Doo Yuh
8. Chul Ho Kim
9. In Chul Baek
10. Chong Pal Park



In Chul Baek retains the WBA super middleweight crown by scoring an 11th-round kayo of Ron Essett in October 1989.

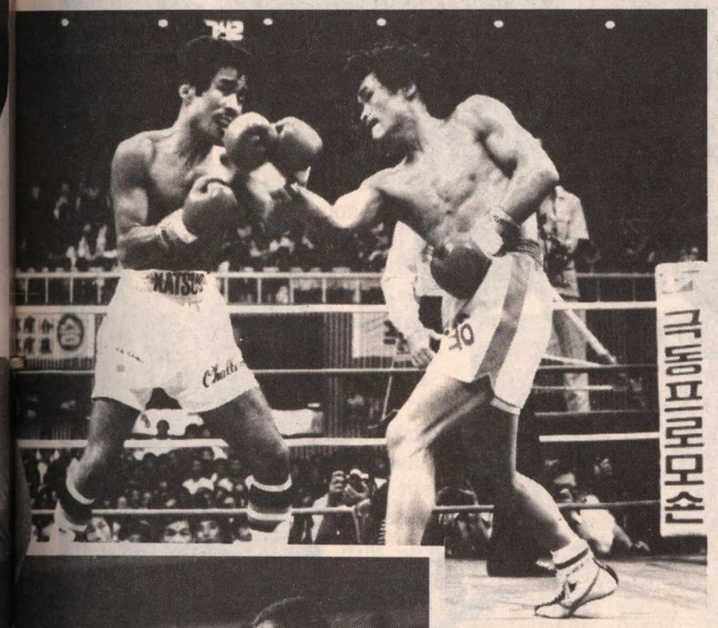
Myung Woo Yuh

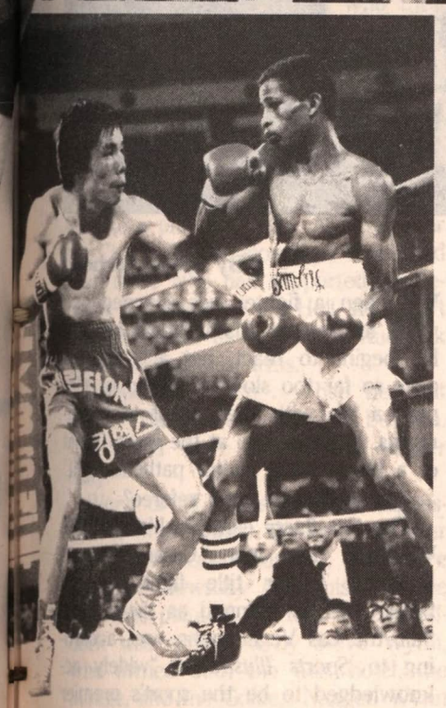
Myung Woo Yuh is a cool fighting machine. Though he failed to register a single knockout in his first 13 victories, he improved until he began to wear down opponents with nonstop punching. In 1985, he wrested the WBA junior flyweight title from Joey Olivo. He made no less than 17 successful defenses before losing to Hiroki Ioka, whom he defeated in the rematch. He remains a crowd-pleaser with remarkable stamina, cleverness, and gameness.

● **Jung Koo Chang** was nicknamed "The Korean Hawk." In 1982, the pugnacious junior flyweight took the WBC crown from Hilario Zapata by third-round kayo. He was only 20. He went on to make 15 successful defenses before vacating. Among the world champion he defeated: German Torres, Sot Chitalada, Katsuo Tokashiki, and Hideyuki Ohashi. He will be fondly remembered for his fighting spirit.

● **Soo Hwan Hong** was the first Korean to win two world titles, and he captured both on the road. The boxer-puncher won the bantamweight crown in 1974, scoring five knockdowns en route to a points win over South Africa's Arnold Taylor. After being dethroned by Alfonso Zamora, he rebounded to take the vacant WBA junior featherweight title with a thrilling third-round kayo of Hector Carrasquilla in 1977. (Hong was felled three times in the first round.) He made only one successful defense of each title.

Who was the best British fighter of all-time? The best Mexican? The best Japanese? The debate will rage forever. In an attempt to fuel the fire, or at least offer some perspective, *The Ring* has asked several of its correspondents to compile their personal top-10 lists.





"Korean Hawk" Jung Koo Chang, top vs. Katsuo Tokashiki, made 15 successful defenses of the WBC 108-pound title. Powerpunching WBC super flyweight champion Sung Kil Moon, above vs. Edgar Monserrat, remains a dominant champion.

● **Chan Hee Park** stunned the boxing world by dethroning flyweight legend Miguel Canto in 1979. It was only his 11th pro bout. After successful defenses against Canto, Guty Espadas, and Alberto Morales, he became known as "The Mexican Killer." A dangerously fast starter, he retained the title five times before losing to Shoji Oguma. Park, who had been an amateur star, peaked quickly and retired at age 25.

● **Ki Soo Kim** was Korea's first world champion. At the 1960 Olympics, the hard-punching, infighting southpaw lost to Nino Benvenuti. Revenge came six years later, when he outpointed the Italian to win the world junior middleweight title. He successfully defended against Stan Harrington and Freddie Little before losing to Sandro Mazzinghi. Kim retired in 1969 after having suffered only two losses in 37 bouts.

● **Sung Kil Moon** is nicknamed "Korean Hands Of Stone." The popular powerpuncher was an accomplished amateur, winning the World Cup tournament in 1985. In just his seventh pro bout, he won the WBA bantamweight title, scoring a technical decision over Kaokor Galaxy in 1988. Galaxy won the rematch, and Moon dropped to junior bantam, where he captured the WBC title with a technical decision over Nana Konadu in 1990. The reigning champion has made six successful defenses, and continues to improve.

● **Jae Doo Yuh** still holds the Oriental Pacific Boxing Federation record for successful defenses, having retained the middleweight title an incredible 21 times from 1971 to '78. His reign as WBA junior middleweight champion, however, lasted only eight months; in 1974, Yuh stopped Japan's Koichi Wajima, and then lost the return match. He retired in June 1979—with the OPBF title still in his possession.

● **Chul Ho Kim** is now the manager/trainer of Sung Kil Moon. At age 19, he scored a shocking upset ninth-round kayo of outstanding WBC super flyweight champion Rafael Orono. He made five successful defenses, including a points win over future champion Jiro Watanabe, before losing the crown back to Orono. Kim fought only 24 times before retiring in October 1983 at age 22.

● **In Chul Baek** worked hard and played hard. The notorious partier registered 27 consecutive kayos at the start of his career, and retained the OPBF junior middleweight crown 15 times. In 1987, he was kayoed in a try for the vacant WBA 154-pound title by Julian Jackson. But he rebounded to dethrone WBA super middleweight king Fulgencio Obelmejias in '89. He made two successful defenses before losing to Chris Tiozzo. His overall kayo percentage: .915

● **Chong Pal Park** was a kayo artist who lacked finesse. His shortcomings, however, didn't prevent him from twice reigning as OPBF middleweight king. (He made a combined 16 successful defenses.) In 1984, he won the IBF super middleweight title by crushing Murray Sutherland with vicious body shots (KO 11). Eight defenses later, he vacated in order to fight for the newly established WBA title. He won that, too, stopping Jesus Gallardo, but retained the title only once. In the last bout of his career, he was punished by arch-rival Baek (KO by 9).

Joe Koizumi is The Ring's correspondent in the Far East. ■

Under The Gun And Gun-Shy

HAS RICHARD STEELE BECOME A DANGEROUS REFEREE?

"Before, I knew when a fighter had enough. Now, in order to keep my career intact, I have more than myself to please. I have to please the fans and writers, too."

—Richard Steele

By Steve Farhood

When a fighter has sponged one too many, his instincts change. He begins to react, not act, and he does so far too slowly. Instead of slipping a jab with the easiest of movements, he tenses up at the mere threat of a blow. It's a rather pathetic sight.

Can it happen to a referee?

The first flurry came in March 1990. Working the Julio Cesar Chavez-Meldrick Taylor title fight, Richard Steele was as pumped as the boxers. Still, the Las Vegan, who was, according to *Sports Illustrated*, "widely acknowledged to be the sport's premier referee," knew he had to remain detached. Had he lowered his professional guard for just a moment, he might've screamed, "What a fight!"

Like all quality referees, Steele hoped that the fighters would decide the outcome. Unfortunately, he became a featured player when, with two seconds left, he stopped the contest. It wouldn't have been such a big deal except for the fact that the winner, Chavez, was behind on two of the three official cards.

"It's a shame this had to happen in such a great fight," Steele said at the time. "But my first concern is the safety of the fighter. That's what I'm in there for. It's not for me to worry about how much time is left, or who's winning. I saw a beaten fighter in front of me, and I stopped the fight."

The shots came from everywhere. First were the complaints from the loser's camp. Those were to be expected. Then there were the bettors who berated him for his intervention. (They had, of course, wagered on Taylor.) The media chipped in with its criticism. Finally came the crowds. When Steele would be introduced before working a bout, the fans would fire a one-two combination: boos, followed by mocking shouts of "stop the fight!"

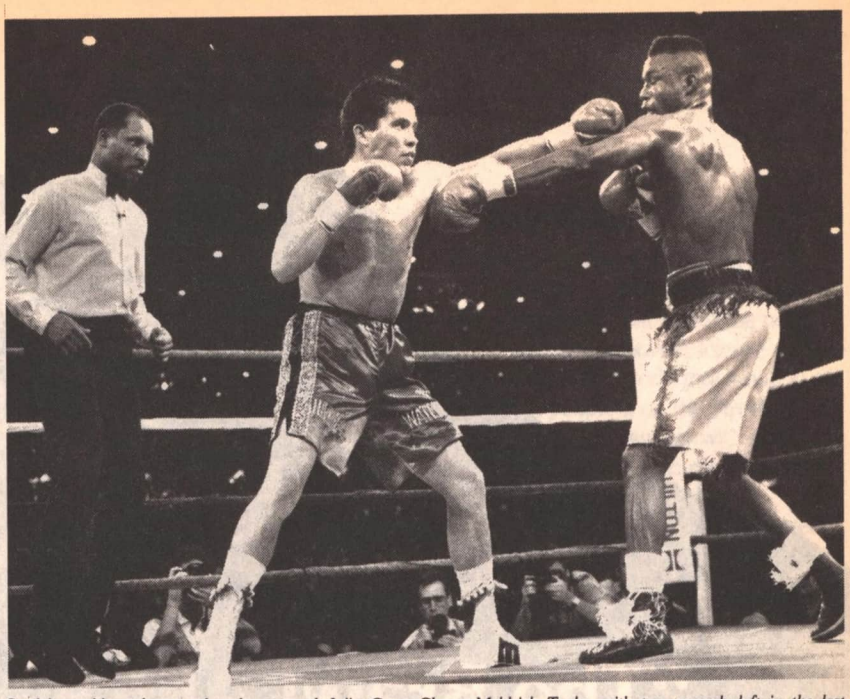
"The booing was a fad," Steele said. "Some people didn't even know what they were booing about. But the media, that really bothers me, hurts a whole lot. They don't care who they step on, who they hurt."

Steele is tough—he's a former light heavyweight—but he began to doubt himself after the second salvo, which came in March 1991. After Steele stopped the first Mike Tyson-Razor Ruddock fight in the seventh round, he felt like a punching bag. At least after the Chavez-Taylor stoppage, there had been those who had supported his decision. But this time . . . Hell, he hadn't even as much as *looked* at Ruddock before waving his arms.

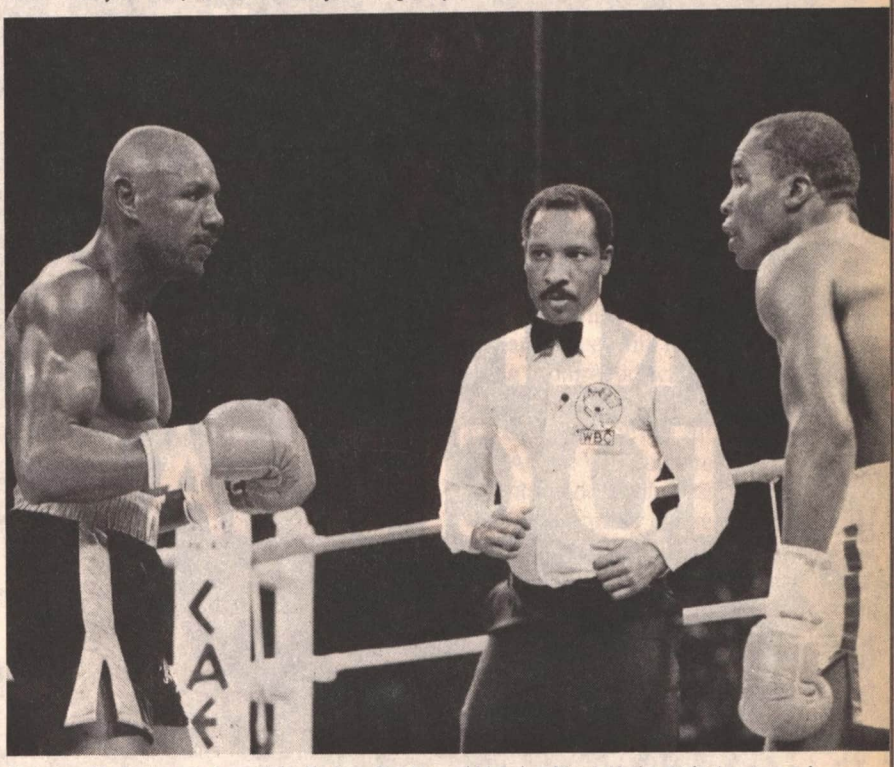
"If Richard Steele . . . had been at Bunker Hill," wrote *SI's* Pat Putnam, "he would have pulled the trigger early."

Worst of all, there was the suggestion of impropriety. No one has ever questioned Steele's honesty, but before the bout, *Newsday* columnist Wallace Matthews pointed out that Tyson-Ruddock was promoted by Steve Wynn, who owned both the host hotel, the Mirage, and the Golden Nugget. Wynn had a multifight deal with Don King, Tyson's promoter, and stood to benefit from "Iron Mike's" success. How would

(Continued on page 58)

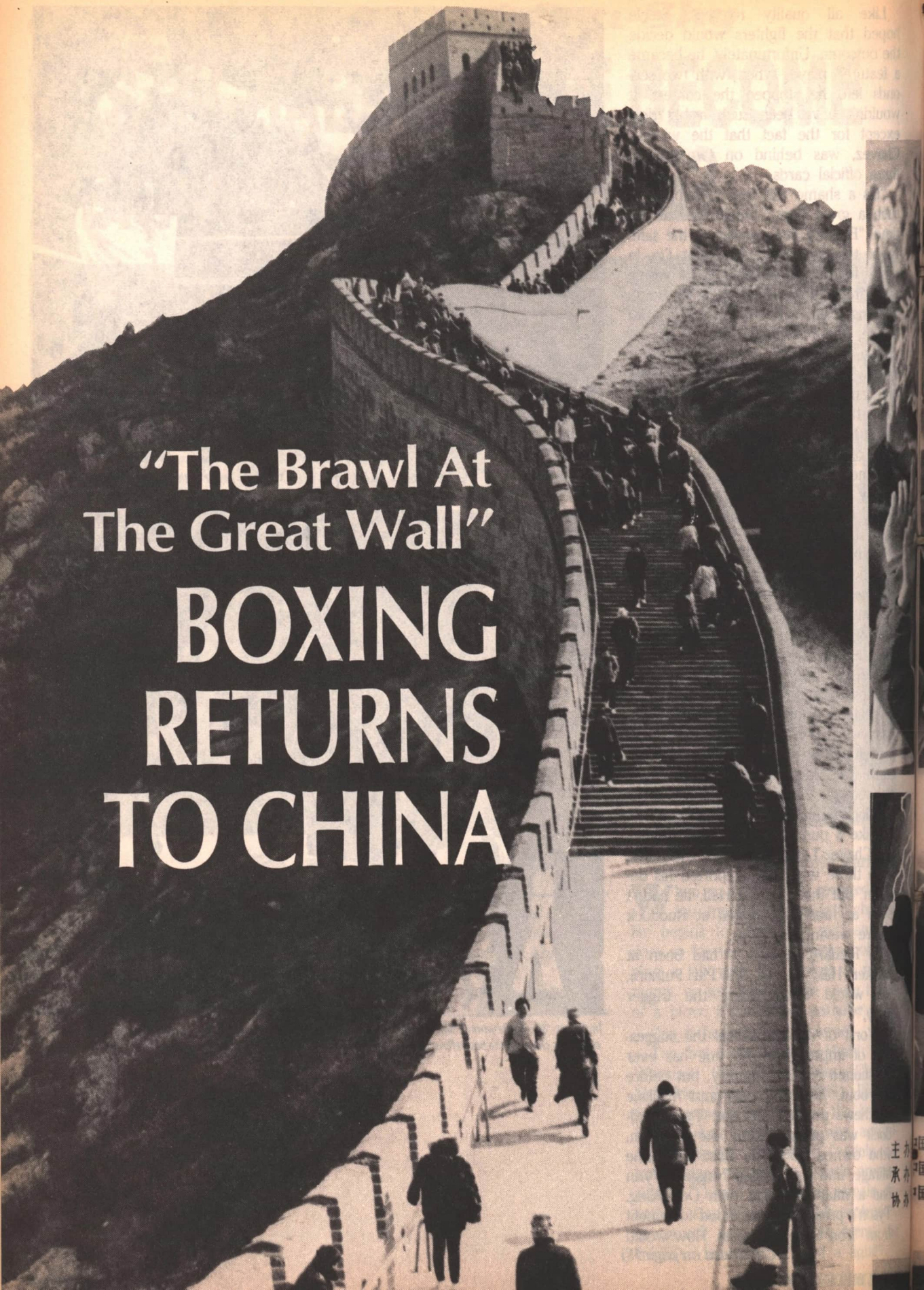


Steele's problems began when he stopped Julio Cesar Chavez-Meldrick Taylor with two seconds left in the last round. Three years later, he was criticized for halting Terry Norris-Maurice Blocker (opposite page) too late.



In the late-'80s, Steele worked superfights like Sugar Ray Leonard-Marvelous Marvin Hagler. At the time, he was the consensus choice as the best referee in the game. Today, he admits to having changed his criteria for stopping a fight.

Photos By Pete Goldfield & Associated Press



"The Brawl At The Great Wall"

BOXING RETURNS TO CHINA

By Jack Welsh

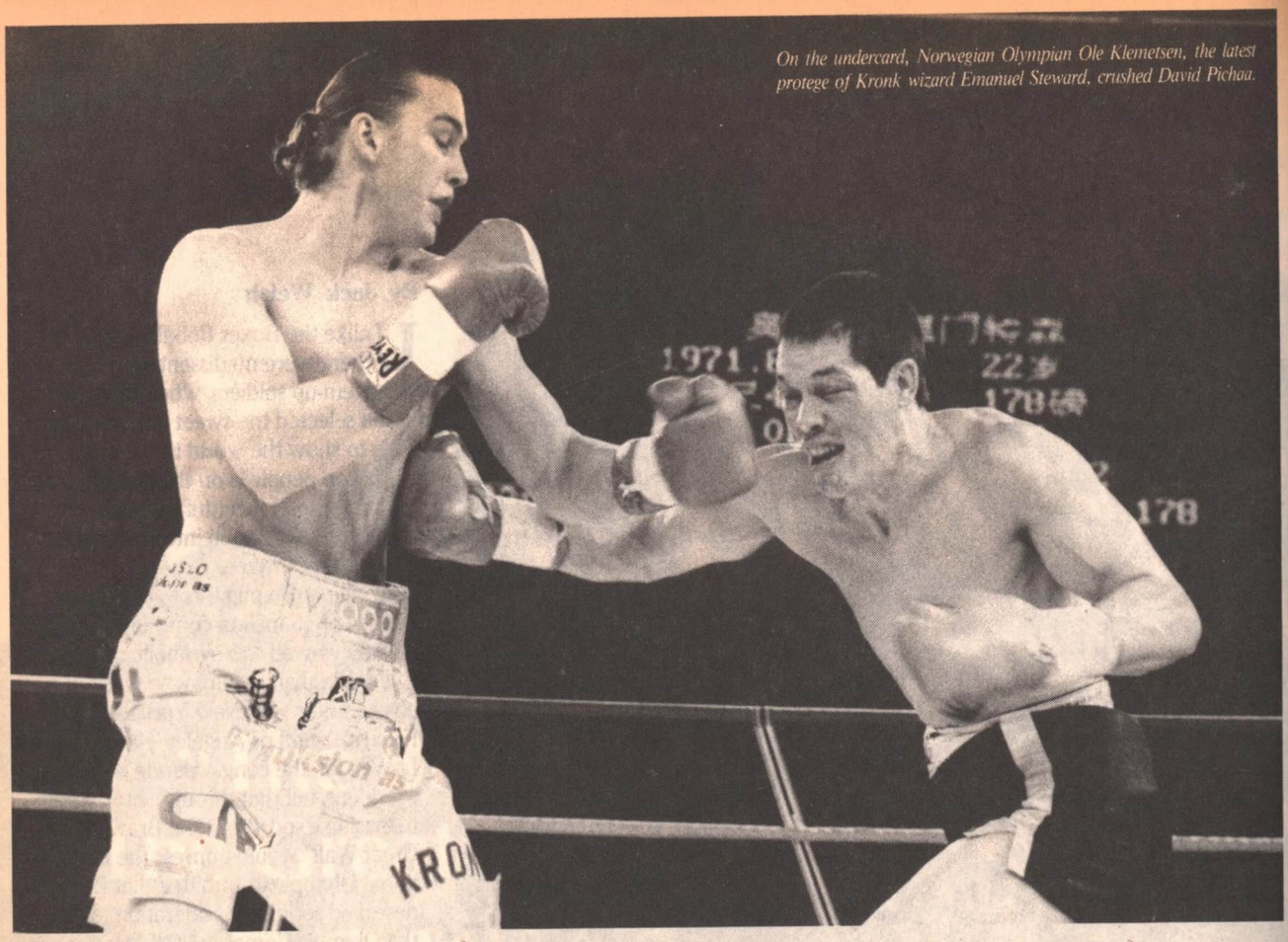
Unlike the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, there were no dissenting rebels, nor shoot-'em-up soldiers, when the new China selected the sweet science as a vehicle to show the world that a nation of 1.3 billion people is on the threshold of entering the 21st century with an incredible expansion in international culture and commerce.

Bringing pro pugilists to this burgeoning city of 15 million communist nationals was viewed as a symbolic move by China Xinghau Group, who worked as co-promoter with New York's Lou Falcigno and Los Angeles' Harold Smith. Li Wei, 32, the conglomerate's visionary president, felt that through international television exposure, "The Brawl At The Great Wall" would impress the International Olympic Committee that Beijing deserved serious consideration to host the Olympic Games in 2000. Moreover, Li hoped that such a high-profile card would lay the cornerstone for an upgrading of China's amateur program, and begin to establish the nation as a venue for major professional bouts.

"I expect to fly to the United States this year to meet with Rock Newman regarding a future Riddick Bowe title defense, possibly in Beijing," said Li. "We wanted Bowe to be our guest for 'The Brawl At The Wall,' but previous commitments made that impossible. However, Bowe told me by phone that if he came to China, he would definitely fight."

Li and his associates had a major selling point when 18,300 curious fans came to the Capital gymnasium on February 27. Their vocal enthusiasm made the Yankee boxers on the five-bout card feel like they had never left home.

The Great Wall (opposite page) served as an awesome backdrop to the first pro boxing show in China. Muhammad Ali drew a crowd wherever he went (top left). Mike Weaver and Bert Cooper were highlighted in the official fight poster (left).



On the undercard, Norwegian Olympian Ole Klemetsen, the latest protege of Kronk wizard Emanuel Steward, crushed David Pichaa.

Adding to the historic occasion was the presence of Muhammad Ali, who made the trip in conjunction with the promotion. It was his third journey to China. He first traveled here in 1979 as part of a world tour for Islam. Fourteen years later, he was welcomed with the same warmth. If Ali had stood dead-center in Tiananmen Square, which can hold seven football fields, a spell-bound assembly would have created a crunch for autographs, or waited for a chance to touch his coat sleeve.

As the final bilingual prefight press conference wound down at the New Century Hotel (official fight headquarters), Ali declared, "I don't like China . . . I *love* China." That, of course, brought another horde with pencils, pens, and pads in hand. Ali was the last person to leave the room.

A typically universal Ali moment occurred the morning Beijing dignitaries took him in a six-car caravan to visit a downtown public school. After meeting teachers and touring classrooms, "The Greatest" walked onto the courtyard playground, where 1,000 children were doing their morning exercises. It wasn't in the script, but Ali started doing everything the children were doing. Then he took off his coat and began punching an invisible foe. Suddenly, the youngsters started jabbing the air and yelling, "Ali! Ali! Ali!"

It was Ali's presence in 1979 that triggered the Chinese into ultimately lifting the suspension on boxing. Deng Xiaoping, 86, a copper wire tycoon, and arguably second only to the late Chairman Mao in public esteem, was greatly impressed in meeting the eternal champion and suddenly took an interest in the sport. Once he voiced his opinion concerning a boxing revival, Deng had no problem getting the Party's attention.

Boxing, an Olympic event since 1904, arrived in China as an amateur sport in the '30s. The Communist Party came to power in 1949 and immediately banned the professional game, even though no official bouts had been recorded up to that time. The *coup de grace* came in 1959, when a young amateur died after being knocked out. Communist leaders seized the moment to envoke a permanent ban on what they called "an imperialistic, decadent sport."

China Central Television-Radio, the country's only network, refused to report the fight game, even at the world championship level. Nonetheless, much of China's sports-minded masses have always been aware of Ali. In contrast, they haven't the slightest idea about the identities or accomplishments of Sugar Ray Leonard, Thomas Hearns, Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Roberto Duran, or even Mike Tyson.

In 1986, a heated debate began concerning the revival of the amateur game. The lure of Olympic gold was too much to resist, and a national team was formed in 1987, when the Chinese Boxing Association was admitted into the International Amateur Boxing Association. According to the CBA, there are currently 10,000 active amateur boxers in the country. Boxing coaches from Cuba, Russia, and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea have been invited to tutor Chinese youngsters, and a select group of boxers have been sent to the United States for instruction.

"It was just a few years ago that Chinese boxers could hardly survive two rounds and were easily floored by their foreign rivals," said Chenb Chee, a coach in Beijing. "Today, they can exchange punches and stand their ground. Some Chinese boxers even scored victories in the 1990 Asian Games."

***

THE FIGHTS

Bob Arum, a consultant to the promoters, carefully monitored the public's

response to the card; he plans to return in July and bring a world title fight with him.

"The Chinese pulled out all stops to make our stay most enjoyable," he said. "It's hard to conceive of a nation being more gracious. Every boxer on the card fought several notches over his head to make a good impression.

"China is virgin territory for pro boxing, but it's obvious the people are sports-minded. The media here was also highly favorable to our debut, and we may draw even a larger crowd if we return with an outdoor bout."

The Chinese certainly didn't mind paying the price, even though the cheapest seat was the equivalent of $8.75, which is a week's wage for most residents of Beijing.

Lu Xington, a 33-year-old engineer, paid $14 for his ticket. "China has never had this before," he explained. "Beijing's living standards are now higher, so we can accept it."

Ringsiders *oohed* and *aahed* over the hand and foot speed of Detroit's Leeonzer Barber, who topped Mike Sedillo, Los Angeles, by 12-round unanimous decision. Barber, 26, out of Emanuel Steward's Kronk Gym, improved to 17-1 (11), while Sedillo, 32, dropped to 23-10-1 (12).

Ali's influence was apparent before the bout, when Sedillo said, "Nothing could be *finah* than a knockout in China." But it wasn't to be. The veteran made it a brisk contest through five rounds, but Barber methodically took command with sharp combinations, and Sedillo finished with both eyes swollen and bruised.

The surprise of the night was 41-year-old Mike Weaver, 214, Los Angeles, who won a unanimous 10-round decision over fringe contender Bert Cooper, 214, Philadelphia. Weaver, who was hammered in the third and fourth rounds, swept the last four sessions. The promoters wanted to give the Chinese a championship bout, so Weaver, a former WBA heavyweight champion, was awarded something called the National Boxing Association crown. Weaver improved to 37-11-1 (26), and Cooper skidded to 29-10 (25). Weaver drew a tremendous ovation when he stood on the ring apron and told the crowd, "I'll be back."

It was purely back-alley stuff when heavyweights Terry Davis and David Bey squared off. After 12 hard rounds, a bloody-nosed Davis emerged victorious by unanimous decision. Davis, 224, Napa, California, improved to 30-3-2 (22), while former contender Bey, 240, Las Vegas, dropped to 17-10-1 (13).

Kevin Ford, 239½, Sacramento, was simply too big and hit too hard for Keith McMurray, 208, Los Angeles, methodically scoring a TKO at 2:56 of the seventh round in a scheduled 10. Ford, 14-2 (7), scored three knockdowns. McMurray fell to 13-6 (4). McMurray gave a game effort, especially considering that he was a late replacement for USBA heavyweight champion Mike "The Bounty" Hunter, who tore ligaments in his right knee while training three days before the card. Hunter had to make the non-stop 15-hour return flight home with his leg tightly wrapped and extended in front of him. Going through with his match vs. Ford might have been less uncomfortable.

In a total mismatch, '92 Olympian Ole Klemetsen, 176, Detroit, dropped David Pichaa, 176, Houston, twice in the first round before registering a

(Continued on page 58)

The fans in China saw a major upset when former heavyweight champion Weaver outpointed fringe contender Cooper.

Time Capsules

By Stanley Weston

With files of more than three million black-and-white and color negatives, *The Ring* magazine photo collection is by far the largest in the world. Each issue, we'll pore through the files to bring you some of the most unique boxing photographs ever taken

GENTLEMAN JIM

(March 12, 1921)

"Former heavyweight champion James J. Corbett (right) was completely at ease and thoroughly delightful playing straight man to the famous comedian Billy B. Van at the Moore Theatre last night," read the review in the Seattle, Washington, newspaper. "Their 18-minute skit, titled 'The 18th Amendment,' was hilarious and worth the price of admission to the 2½-hour vaudeville show."

After retiring from the ring in 1903, Corbett, the man who earned immortality by defeating the mighty John L. Sullivan in 1892, turned to the stage in a remarkably smooth transition. "I feel that I was born to perform on a stage rather than in the boxing ring," Corbett wrote in his 1926 autobiography.

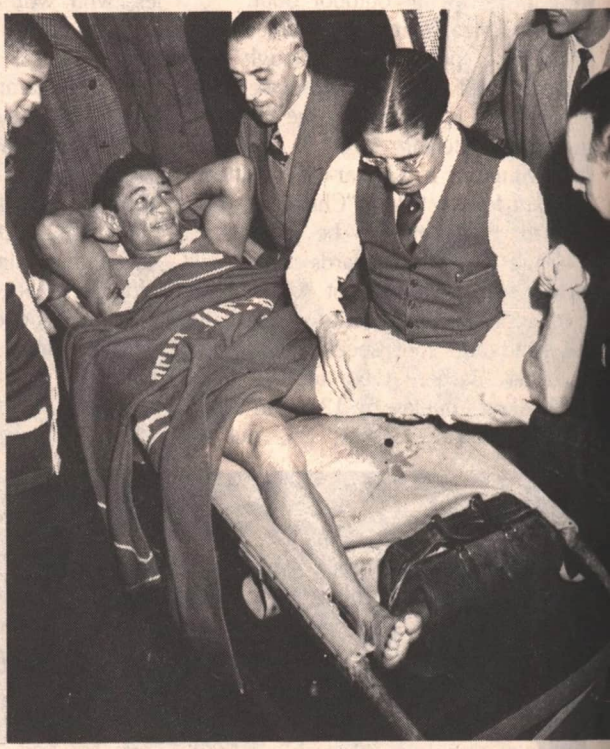
Always billed as "Gentleman Jim, the man who thrashed the mighty John L. Sullivan," Corbett earned 10 times more as an on-stage performer than he did in his fabled 19-year boxing career. From the way he talked in his later years, one wonders if stage-struck Jim had forgotten that were it not for boxing, he would never have made it past the stage door.

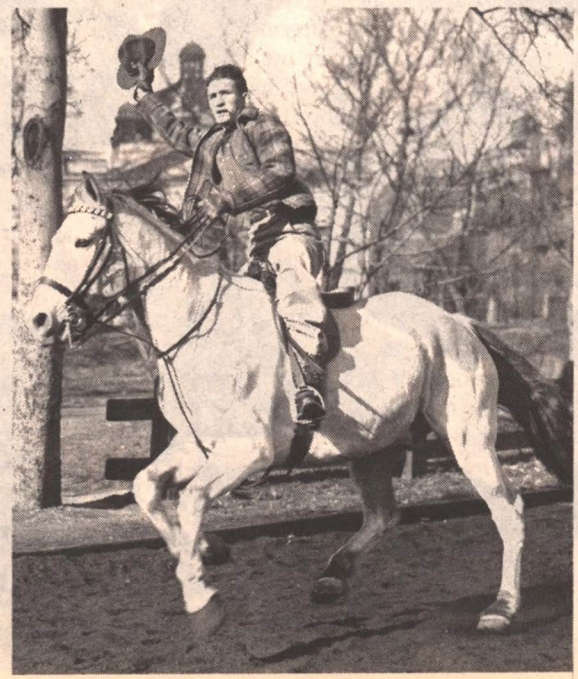
JACK COULDN'T JUMP

(February 21, 1947)

Beau Jack looks surprisingly happy, considering what had happened to him in the Madison Square Garden ring less than half-an-hour before. The former lightweight champion was ahead on all scorecards going into the fourth round of his fight with light-hitting boxing master Tony Janiro. Suddenly, and without apparent reason, Beau's body jerked off-balance, and he couldn't stand up; his left leg couldn't take the weight. His face twisted in agony, and his seconds had no choice but to leap into the ring and try to hold him up, thus automatically disqualifying the stricken fighter. It went into the record books as a TKO victory for Janiro, and for the first time in his career, Beau Jack had been stopped.

They carried Beau back to his dressing room on a stretcher. A pair of tranquilizing shots into his left buttock eased the pain, and commission doctor Vincent Nardiello immediately went to work molding a plaster cast from Jack's knee to his ankle. It would be nine months before he would be able to fight again. Now is that anything to be smiling about?





THAT WILD AND CRAZY GUY

(December 12, 1939)

Not since the bizarre days of Battling Siki had boxing seen one of its own as unpredictable and colorful as that "sweet lightweight from Sweetwater, Texas," Lew Jenkins. Dare him to jump off the top of the Empire State Building and he'd ask, "For how much?" Lew drove promoter Mike Jacobs crazy when he'd race his motorcycle through New York City at breakneck speed, ignoring traffic lights and speeding up whenever he heard the blast of a police siren. Moaned Jacobs when he bailed Jenkins out of jail after Lew was charged with jeopardizing the public's safety, "Here it is a couple of days before a title fight and that maniac is trying to kill himself."

BELLOISE INVADES EUROPE

(April 11, 1949)

Leading middleweight contender Steve Belloise arrives late at LeHarve, France, after sailing across the Atlantic. The hard-hitting Bronx, New York, veteran is scheduled to face French hero Jean Stock in Paris on April 24. Belloise's stunning victory over another French hero, Robert Villemain, in New York three months earlier generated feverish interest in his match with Stock. But for Belloise, the real objective was a title shot at France's idol of idols, middleweight champion Marcel Cerdan.

At 31, Belloise was well past his prime. In fact, nine years before, in 1940, he had his shot at the middleweight crown but lost a close decision to champion Ken Overlin. Did he, after all those years, have enough left to defeat a great champion like Cerdan? Steve was absolutely certain he did. "All I ask for is the chance to prove myself right," he told the French press.

Belloise had more than enough left to kayo Stock in eight rounds before a disappointed French crowd. Now Steve was in line for that dreamed of shot at Cerdan. But ahead of him were Jake LaMotta and Ray Robinson. Belloise returned home, racked up a pair of easy victories over unrated foes, then faced Robinson. He made a valiant effort, but Ray stopped him in seven rounds. For all intent and purposes, that loss ended his brilliant 12-year career, and his dream of becoming a world champion.

Of course, every man who ever steps into a prize ring dreams of becoming a champion. But that dream took on a very special meaning in the case of Belloise. For had he won a world title, he would have, together with his brother Mike, who was a former featherweight champion, accomplished that rarity of boxing rarities, brothers who held world championships.

THE NEXT WAR IS OURS

(September 14, 1944)

When world lightweight champion Gus Lesnevich (left), a petty officer first-class in the U.S. Coast Guard, arrived at Camp Shanks, New York, to attend a show, he was surprised to be greeted by one of his foremost challengers, Melio Bettina (right), who once held the New York State version of the 175-pound title. Bettina, serving as a corporal in the U.S. Army, and stationed at Camp Shanks, had received special permission from the War Department to continue his boxing career ("so long that such activities do not conflict with your military duties"). Lesnevich wasn't so lucky. The strict Navy regulations forbade him from boxing professionally.

Bettina had won three fights in 1944, and was scheduled for two more before the year's end. Madison Square Garden promoter Mike Jacobs had been trying desperately to pair Lesnevich and Bettina in a title match, offering to donate half the gross receipts to "any worthy cause designated by the War Department." But the Navy stood firm; Petty Officer Lesnevich was denied permission to box.

Bettina and Lesnevich finally got to fight each other, but they had to wait almost three years, long after the war was over. And Jacobs finally made the match he had tried so hard to make. As it turned out, he didn't have to share the profits with anyone.

But all that haggling with military bureaucracies, and the years of waiting, rendered the result terribly anticlimactic. On the night of May 23, 1947, Lesnevich charged out of his corner at Madison Square Garden like a wildman. He dropped Bettina twice within the first 30 seconds. The third and final knockdown left the overwelmed Melio lying halfway out of the ring, bewildered and completely helpless. The elapsed time: 59 seconds.

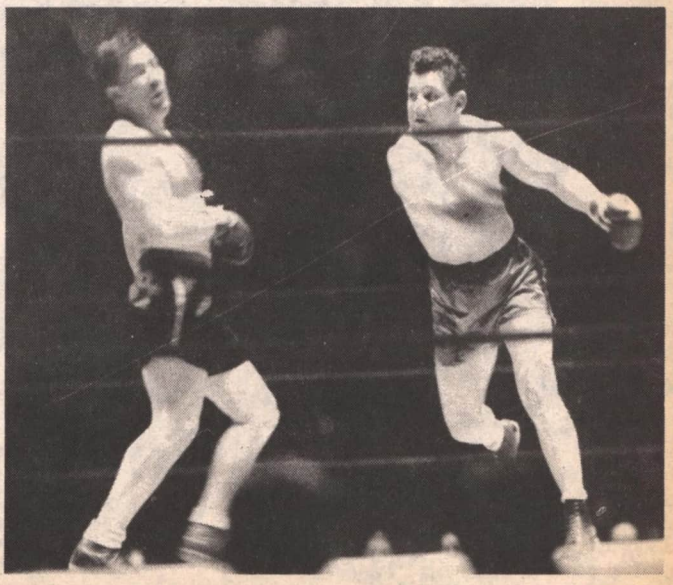
KINGFISH PITCHING, RUBBERMAN CATCHING

(February 24, 1933)

Chicago's hell-raising heavyweight contender, King Levinsky (right), looks like a baseball pitcher throwing his blazing fastball at Cleveland's Johnny Risko in the sixth round of their slugfest. The Kingfish, as Levinsky was fondly known throughout his long (1928-1939) and colorful career, packed what was generally accepted as the most devastating right hand in the business. But that was about all he had going for him. He never understood what his left fist was supposed to do, and he constantly tripped over his size-12 feet. What made the Levinsky saga even more bizarre was his loudmouth manager Lena, who just happened to be his sister. Lena's gutteral, high-pitched voice could always be heard above the din of the crowd.

Risko was dubbed "Rubberman" because of his uncanny ability to absorb punishment and bounce back from the brink of disaster. It was an intriguing match, the murderous hitter vs. the shock absorber. Because Risko knew what his left fist was for, and his size-10 feet rarely got tangled, he was the 6-5 betting favorite. The gamblers proved correct. At the end of 10 grueling rounds before a sellout New York City crowd, Rubberman's hand was raised in victory. But it wasn't over for Risko. A wild-eyed Lena cursed him like a longshoreman, and accused Johnny of gouging King's eyes and punching him below the belt. "You should be arrested," she screamed.

Risko was later to comment, "It was two against one." ■



THE INCREDIBLE

STORY OF KID McCOY

A Life And Death Spent In The Headlines

Norman Selby, better known as Kid McCoy, was among the most colorful fighters in history. As a middleweight (opposite page, posed), he invented the damaging "Corkscrew Punch" (illustration), and used it to kayo bigger foes. In 1924, McCoy was questioned by police after the murder of Teresa Moers (left). In 1938, the former champion, age 66, showed Jack Dempsey that he could still punch (above).

By **Robert J. Thornton**

"Goodbye, Kid," the warden said. "Good luck."

The middle-aged man with the thinning gray hair blinked at the smiling warden, swallowed hard, and inwardly cursed himself for being unable to come up with a witty reply. He, Kid McCoy, former champion prize fighter, bon vivant, and master of the quick quip, had been waiting seven years, three months, and 10 days for this moment. Over and over again he had savored the thought of how he would check out of this grim prison called San Quentin. There'd be the old jauntiness, and wisecracks like, "Nice hotel you got here, warden, but I ain't seen any girls around lately." Or, "You've been awfully kind, but I really must go."

But when the moment finally came, there was no strut to Kid McCoy, no jauntiness, no wisecracks. All he could do was blink in the glaring sunlight, swallow, and mumble, "So long, warden." And walk to the waiting black sedan without a backward glance.

Later, the Kid was to recall, "For the life of me, I couldn't think of a single snappy thing to say. It was like a curtain fell over my mind. But I was free at last. On parole, but free. And that felt good. All I had to my name were a few bucks, the pair of old work shoes I carried in a paper bag, and Mike, the canary they'd let me keep in my cell.

"My friend, who'd come to pick me up, told me I looked wonderful. He was kidding, of course. No guy almost 60 who's just finished a stretch looks wonderful. But I didn't care. I *felt* wonderful. Tense, but wonderful."

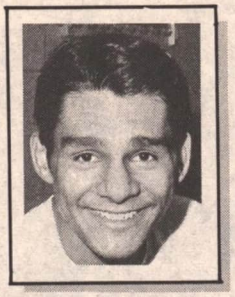
(Continued on page 59)

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Roberto Duran

Guarare, Panama
Career: 1967-Present
87-9 with 61 kayos



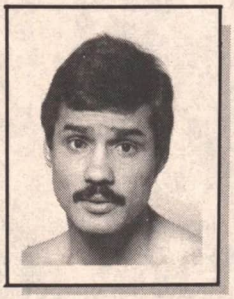
At age 41, Duran is slowly fading from the scene. Still, there are rumors of an upcoming bout vs. Julio Cesar Chavez. Whether or not Duran again challenges for a world title, the legendary four-division champion will be remembered as an all-time great, and the best lightweight in history.

Duran won titles at lightweight in 1972 (KO 13 Ken Buchanan), welterweight in 1980 (W 15 Sugar Ray Leonard), junior middleweight in 1983 (KO 8 Davey Moore), and middleweight in 1989 (W 12 Iran Barkley). Among his other victims: world champions Ernesto Marcel, Hiroshi Kobayashi, Esteban DeJesus, Guts Suzuki, Saoul Mamby, Carlos Palomino, and Pipino Cuevas.

Duran relinquished the unified lightweight title in February 1979. During the latter stages of his reign, fans often debated the results of a dream match between "Manos De Piedra" and junior lightweight champion Alexis Arguello. Unfortunately, Arguello didn't jump to lightweight until 1980. By then, Duran was a full-fledged welter. Obviously, the fight never happened. But that doesn't stop us from wondering.

Alexis Arguello

Managua, Nicaragua
Career: 1968-1986
80-6 with 65 kayos

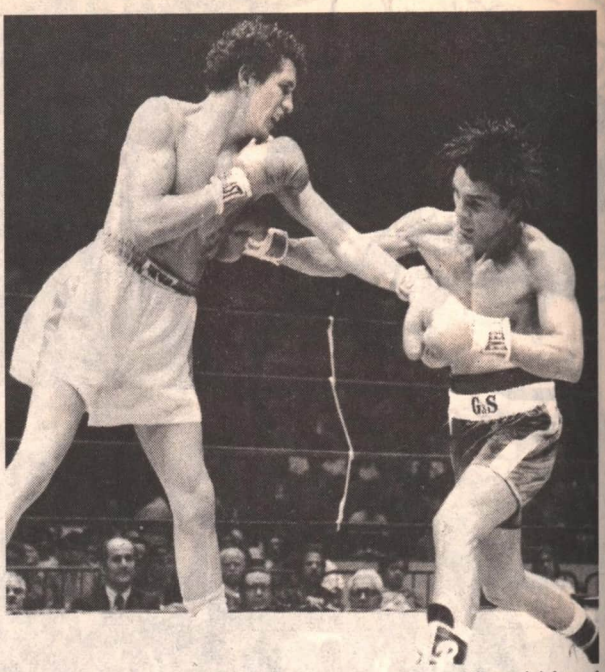


Arguello began his 19-year career at 122 pounds and rose to 140, winning world titles at featherweight, junior lightweight, and lightweight along the way. A distinguished assassin, the hall of famer was a rarity—a kayo artist who retained his one-punch power each time he rose in weight.

The Nicaraguan captured the 126-pound crown in 1974 (KO 13 Ruben Olivares), the 130-pound crown in 1978 (KO 13 Alfredo Escalera), and the 135-pound crown in 1981 (W 15 Jim Watt). Favored to make history by winning a fourth title, he was stopped in the 14th round by 140-pound champion Aaron Pryor in a 1983 classic that was voted Fight of the Decade. That crushing defeat aside, Arguello can proudly claim that he never lost a world title in the ring.

At which weight was Arguello best? At 5'10", he was a skinny and frail featherweight who, as was proven in the Olivares fight, could be outfought on the inside. He was dominant at junior lightweight, but struggled to make 130 pounds. His reign at lightweight was brief, but it could be argued that Arguello was never better.

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle Of The Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write to us.



During his reign at lightweight, Duran twice neutralized the mobility and defense of Edwin Viruet. But Viruet was the only challenger to extend Duran to the distance.

FERDIE PACHECO

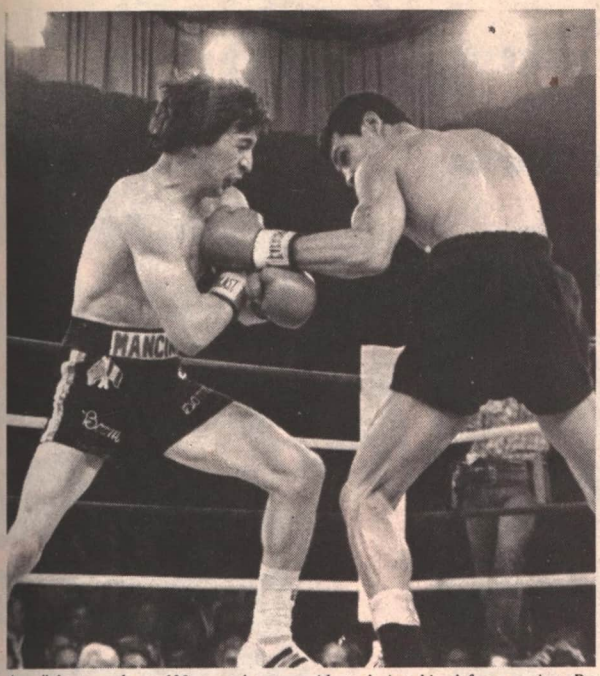
This would be a great fight from the opening bell, involving two great champions who had superior skills in every facet of the game. Both had a presence in the ring. They're both sure hall of famers who proved their greatness in many championship fights.

What impressed me most about Arguello was his ring savvy. His intelligence ranked up there with Sugar Ray Robinson, Sugar Ray Leonard, and Muhammad Ali. He was one of the most astute boxing masters I've ever seen.

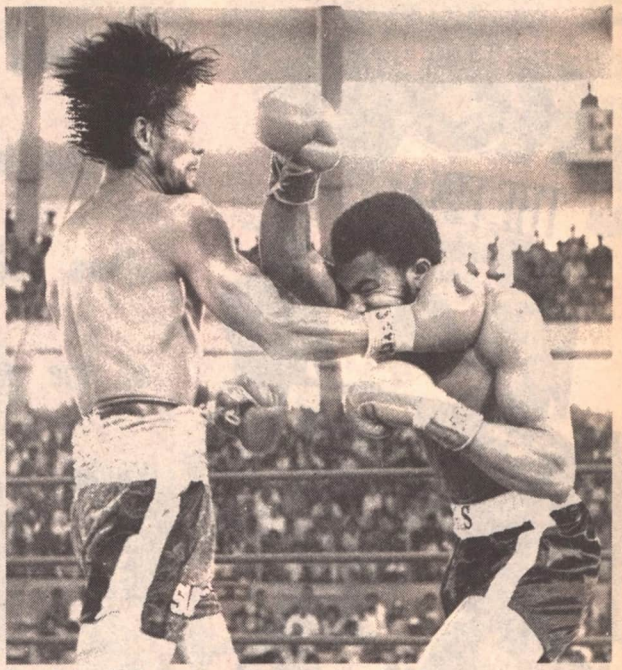
Duran combined his great boxing skills with fierce determination and indomitable will. In his prime, at 135, no one could keep him off. He willed his way inside.

Arguello would do well early. He was an excellent boxer, and he was accurate with his punches. But he didn't have the power to keep Duran off him. Duran was a heavy-handed puncher. And over the course of 15 rounds, this would take a toll. Arguello could not come back from the sustained punishment. The fight would be similar to Arguello-Pryor, only Duran was better than Pryor. Duran would wear down Arguello and stop him around the 13th or 14th round.

"The Fight Doctor" is a boxing analyst for Showtime.



Arguello's strength at 135 pounds was evident during his defense against Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini. After a slow start, the champion rallied to score a kayo.



Duran's intimidating power surfaced when he defended against the talented Ray Lampkin. In the 14th round, one mighty hook left the challenger unconscious.

EDWIN VIRUET

This would be a good action fight. Arguello was a very good boxer. He had good power and was accurate with his punches. Plus he was very smart in the ring and very patient, always in control. But he always fought straight up. Like the amateur style.

Duran was a tiger at lightweight. He smothered his opponents, didn't give them time to breathe. He could hit you and hurt you with every punch he threw. To the head or body—it didn't matter. But what separated Duran from a lot of great fighters was his defense. He could stand in front of you and make you miss.

Both guys would land from the start. But Duran would be the one setting the pace. He'd be right on top of Arguello. Arguello would have problems because he didn't have the lateral movement that a lot of guys used to keep Duran away. So Duran would not have that much of a problem hitting him. And Duran would eagerly trade punches. He had the best chin around.

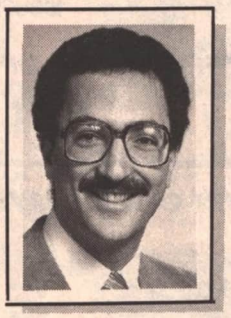
I see this being the same type of fight as Arguello-Pryor. Only Duran was better than Pryor. Arguello was a great champion, but Duran reached a higher quality of greatness. Duran would stop him in the eighth round.

Former lightweight contender Edwin Viruet fought Duran twice. He lost a 10-round decision in 1975, and a 15-round title fight verdict in 1977. He is currently a trainer based in New York City.

RUSSELL PELTZ

This is one of the best matchups that I could think of. There would be non-stop action from the start. Even today, Duran is still underrated as a boxer and a defensive fighter. His ability to avoid punches gave some of the best and fastest fighters fits. Duran also hit well with both hands. He was a thudding puncher who wore down his opponents before knocking them out.

Arguello was a lot tougher than you'd think for a guy with a slight build. He threw sharp, crisp punches, had a good jab, and could put together sharp combinations against even his best opponents. Arguello was very smart, and he was good at making adjustments. He didn't dominate ordinary fighters the way he should have; he seemed to always do enough to win.



It would be a fast-paced fight, with Duran taking control early, the way he did against Leonard in Montreal. Arguello would have his moments in the middle rounds. He'd score with his entire arsenal, just the way he did against Aaron Pryor. He didn't slow Pryor down, and he wouldn't slow Duran down, either. While Arguello would be scoring, Duran would be wearing him down and picking up the pace. I see Duran winning, but not by knockout. Arguello was strong at 135 pounds. Duran by unanimous decision.

Russell Peltz is a Philadelphia-based promoter. ■

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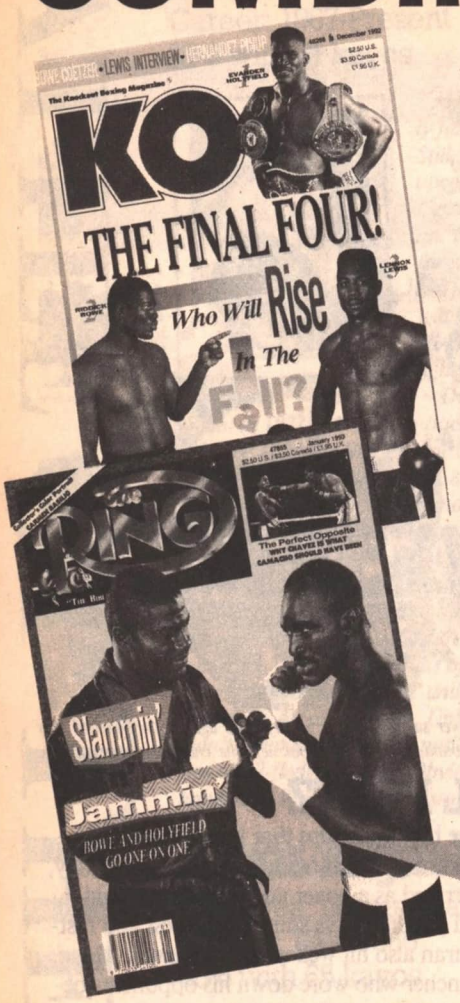

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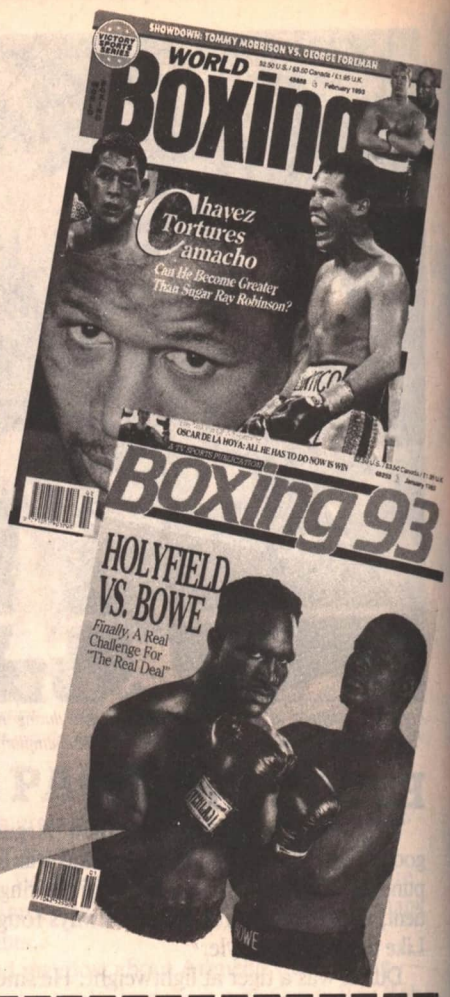

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Photos By Al Bello

As soon as the bell rang ending his title fight vs. Buddy McGirt, Pernell Whitaker played to the crowd. As for McGirt's WBC welterweight title belt, "Sweet Pea" wore it, then told the former champion he'd be willing to give it back.

BOXING'S

"BEST" IS THE ONLY TITLE HE WANTS

By Robert Cassidy

Pernell Whitaker has arrived. He has really, really arrived. He has reached a destination that only a handful of fighters have ever occupied. It's a place where titles and weight classes count for very little. He's joined a club in which members are not judged by their hairdos, tassles, or sequins. Style is encouraged, but substance is a requirement. What matters most is the man. And Whitaker, at the moment, is *The Man.*

You can stack up all his previous wins, and none of them equals the unanimous decision he earned over WBC welterweight champion Buddy McGirt in March at Madison Square Garden. It wasn't so

much how Whitaker won, or even that he picked up his third world title. The singlemost significant factor was that Whitaker, a junior welterweight champion who was 17 months removed from being a lightweight champion, chose to fight McGirt at all. He sought McGirt and the type of status that a win over such a fighter would ensure. The fight was made possible largely because Whitaker wanted to fight a fellow marquee attraction. And, in victory, he rose above the cheap symbolism of today's title belts. Whitaker now fights for status, and the kind of serious money that only the best fighter in boxing can demand.

No, Whitaker has not earned that pound-for-pound title yet, but he is one of only three men who can make a legitimate claim to it. And in September, he has chosen to fight WBC super lightweight champion Julio Cesar Chavez, the fighter who is at the top of all the pound-for-pound lists that matter.

"We're not fighting for titles anymore," Whitaker said after defeating McGirt. "I'll give the title back to Buddy. We're fighting for big fights. Welterweight, junior welterweight, the weight doesn't matter. It'll be for the title of the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world."

So here is Whitaker, a "Sweat Pea" who broke free from a pod packed with psuedo-champions, now calling the shots the way Sugar Ray Leonard and Mike Tyson once did. The way every fighter who bites down on a mouthpiece wishes he could.

"He doesn't want titles as much as he wants the big fights," said Kathy Duva, Whitaker's publicist. "He wants to have the distinction of beating all the best fighters of his era. He could have made five easy junior welterweight title defenses and people would have bought them. But he felt there weren't any challenges there; that's why he moved up to welterweight to fight McGirt."

Even before Whitaker entered the ring against McGirt, his promoter had secured a deal for big fight number two. Win or lose at the Garden, Whitaker's next opponent was to be Chavez. Whitaker, who made $1.2-million against McGirt, and could make $3-million to meet Chavez, wasn't informed of his schedule until he was announced the winner over McGirt.

The 29-year-old Whitaker will meet Chavez on September 18. Don King, who promotes Chavez, is talking about staging the fight in San Antonio. The Whitaker camp would prefer it be staged in Las Vegas. The fight will be fought at welterweight because that is where Whitaker feels comfortable, and because the division represents a potential fourth world title for Chavez.

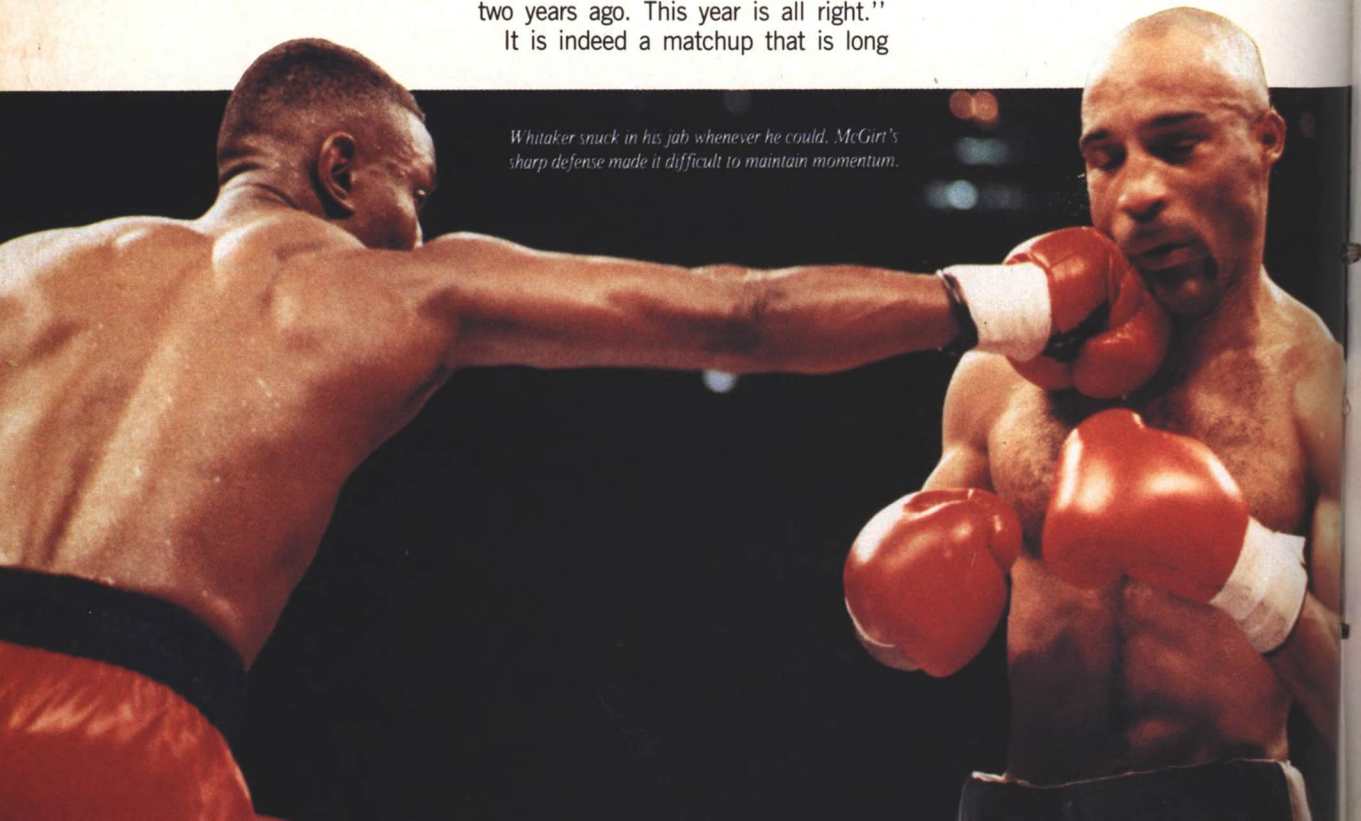
"I think Chavez is a great general," said Whitaker. "That's why the fans want to see Pernell Whitaker-Julio Cesar Chavez, because they are two great fighters. It should have happened two years ago. This year is all right."

It is indeed a matchup that is long overdue. But with the ongoing feud between promoters King and Dan Duva, we should consider ourselves lucky to be getting it at all.

An ice pack wasn't going to help McGirt's left shoulder; he was fighting with a torn rotator cuff.

"The people want to see who is the best between Julio Cesar Chavez and Pernell Whitaker," said Whitaker. "It is going to be a wonderful fight."

The McGirt-Whitaker showdown had all the makings of a wonderful fight, too. And for five rounds it was. With both men grouped among the top boxers in the world, the fight was a duel between two of the sport's sweetest scientists. It was a classic chess match. There were McGirt and Whitaker, trying to out-think each other before outpunching each other. The ducking and swerving McGirt was able to make Whitaker miss more times than anyone could remember.



Whitaker snuck in his jab whenever he could. McGirt's sharp defense made it difficult to maintain momentum.

But in round three McGirt heard a pop from his troublesome left shoulder. In the days leading up to the fight, the injury was described as tendinitis, but it was later revealed that McGirt was suffering from a torn rotator cuff. Nine days after the fight, McGirt underwent surgery. Afterward, Dr. David Altchek, the team physician for the New York Mets, described McGirt's surgery as an "extreme and difficult procedure."

From the third round on, McGirt, 59-3-1 (44), was reduced to a one-armed fighter. He traded punches on the inside, throwing left uppercuts because it was apparently the only way he could use the arm with authority. Most of McGirt's success came in the form of hard counter rights, while Whitaker, a southpaw, pressed forward with quick right-left combinations. After five rounds, judge Rudy Ortega saw the fight even, and Chuck Giampa had Whitaker ahead by one point.

Then Whitaker, 32-1 (15), changed gears. He allowed McGirt to pursue him and deftly peppered his foe with sneaky lefts. He won the next three rounds on all the scorecards to build a commanding lead.

The only flaw in his performance was his showboating antics. He playfully patted McGirt on top of the head with both gloves early in round 12, and, when pinned in a corner, jumped straight in the air. In fact, the challenger was nearly knocked down when McGirt landed a right to the chest while he was in mid-flight.

After 12 fast-paced rounds, Ortega had Whitaker a 115-114 winner, Giampa scored 115-113, and Dalby Shirley, who seemed way off-base, had it 117-111. *(The Ring* scored for Whitaker by 115-114.)

"I'm used to pitching shutouts," said Whitaker. "I figured I won eight or nine rounds tonight. I try to make every fight as easy as possible. Tonight was an easy fight."

Easy? Perhaps. But not by Whitaker's standards. He lost two, four, and five rounds on the cards. That doesn't translate into any easy fight when you consider that in 98 previous title fight rounds, there had been only seven rounds in which the three judges unanimously voted for Whitaker's opponent.

Whitaker's brilliance would be further tainted by the issue of McGirt's shoulder, and the comments made by Dan Duva, who said, "Buddy McGirt is the most overrated fighter in the world. He's just a suck-up fighter in New York."

Unable to throw a hook, McGirt had to rely solely on a counter right. He scored often enough, but never hurt his elusive foe. How, we've been left to wonder, might the skilled New Yorker have fared with two working hands?

While Duva was crass, Whitaker restored some class.

"I'm sure Buddy will be back," he said. "Buddy McGirt's a good fighter."

To suggest that his victory hinged solely on McGirt's injury is a disservice to Whitaker. McGirt was indeed an injured fighter, but he was not the first fighter, nor will he be the last, to compete with a handicap. In 1990, McGirt decisioned welterweight contender Jose Bermudez after rupturing the bicep tendon in his left arm in the third round. And Whitaker has twice fought with a broken left hand.

"Don't give me no excuses," said the new champion. "I've fought with broken hands. If he'd won, he never would have said anything about his shoulder. He would have just said he beat Pernell Whitaker."

Whitaker became only the fourth fighter in history to win the lightweight and welterweight titles, joining the elite company of Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, and Roberto Duran. Next he'll look to become the first fighter to beat the mighty Chavez.

"I made the [McGirt] fight look easy," said Whitaker. "If I feel like making my next one look easy, I can do that, too."

There doesn't seem to be much Whitaker can't do. At this point, there isn't much he can't demand, either. He possesses the latitude to pick and choose his opponents. And while some cautious champions have exploited the art of picking and choosing, Whitaker fully intends to challenge the best fighters available. It is indeed a hazardous task. Consider:

● **Sugar Ray Leonard:** The most obvious example of a fighter who picked

(Continued on page 57)

HARDWARE

No wonder Whitaker says he doesn't want to fight for titles anymore: He doesn't have enough room in his trophy case. With the exception of Sugar Ray Leonard, no other U.S. fighter has won more amateur and pro world titles. Some of his accomplishments:

1982: Wins the U.S. amateur championship (132 pounds)
1983: Wins the World Championship Challenge (132 pounds)
1983: Wins a gold medal at the Pan-Am Games (132 pounds)
1984: Wins a gold medal at the Olympic Games (132 pounds)
1989: Wins the IBF lightweight title
1989: Wins the WBC lightweight title
1989: Is named Fighter of the Year by *The Ring* and the Boxing Writers Association of America
1990: Wins the WBA lightweight title, becoming the division's first undisputed champion since 1978
1992: Wins the IBF junior welterweight title
1993: Wins the WBC welterweight title

—*RC*

HAIL CESAR!

In February, the best fighter in boxing, WBC super lightweight champion Julio Cesar Chavez, drew the biggest crowd ever to attend a paid fight card. More than 136,000 fans filled Estadio Azteca in Mexico City and celebrated Chavez' fifth-round TKO of challenger Greg Haugen. It was a typical Chavez victory, but a unique night at the fights.

After flooring Haugen in the first round, Chavez carried him into the fifth, punishing the hapless challenger to both the body and head in yet another truly magnificent performance.

JULIO CESAR chavez

THROWS A PARTY . . .

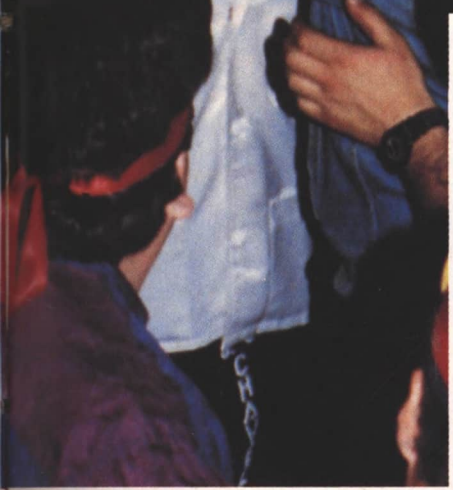
And 136,274 Of His Friends Celebrate

By Wallace Matthews

Of all the assorted trinkets, baubles, and fabulous doodads (to borrow a phrase from Don King) available from street hawkers outside Estadio Azteca on the night of the boxing spectacular dubbed "Poker De Ases," the only one fit to bring home was a peculiar, crude little device fashioned out of a couple of pieces of wood and a small metal spring.

Designed to be held in one hand, it is two boxing figurines facing one another, their arms, attached by a snippet of twisted-up paper clip, dangling loosely by their sides. When a wooden peg, positioned between the boxers' feet and attached to the spring, is pushed down with the thumb, the boxers lurch forward simultaneously, their heads banging and their loose-limbed arms windmilling in close proximation of what prize fights between Mexican boxers are supposed to be all about.

The gizmo cost 3,000 pesos, the equivalent of about one dollar, and every time visitors pushed down the wooden peg, they saw a better fight than anything the 136,274 fans in Estadio Azteca saw on February 20.



Photos By Jay Lash

As a fight card, "Poker De Ases," translated literally as Four Aces, but as "Grand Slam" by King, was *nada,* nothing to see, nothing to remember, and nothing to write a postcard home about. But forget for the moment that the main event was national idol Julio Cesar Chavez performing a particularly vicious Mexican Hat Dance on Greg Haugen, or that Maurice Blocker could have used some of the 1,500 riot cops on hand to protect him from Terry Norris, or that whenever you see the word "Irish" before a fighter's name, as in "Irish" Dan Morgan, you know he can't fight a lick.

As a spectacle, however, "Poker De Ases" was a magical night of the kind that survives nowadays mostly in grainy old photographs of Jack Dempsey fights, conjuring up memories of places like Shelby, Montana, and Boyle's Thirty Acres.

"Estupendo!" bellowed promoter King, before, during, and after the event. "This is a thrill beyond depiction and description, being here in Estadio Azteca with my amigos, drinking *cervezas frios,* frosty Coronas . . . "

And for King, it was. No official figures, except for those put out by King's office, were available for exactly how many people were in the stadium that night (the King-announced total was 136,274), nor for how much *dinero* was taken in at the box office. But rest assured that "Poker De Ases" was a smashing success for everyone involved, even if a ton of tickets went for as little as 5,000 pesos ($1.65), the same as a can of frosty Corona.

From the fights—the best one, as expected, turned out to be Azumah Nelson's majority decision over scrappy but inexperienced Gabriel Ruelas—to the musical performance of three nubile young *senoritas* at halftime of the interminable card, to the stunning laser light show that reduced some in the crowd to tears, "Poker De Ases" was a spectacular of the likes boxing may not see again for a long, long time.

In fact, the entire week leading up to the show was not to be forgotten, packed full as it was with bizarre and revealing events that opened the eyes of the small American press and fight corps to a world alien even to them.

Let it be known that in Mexico, Chavez is king. Sure, the soccer star Hugo Sanchez, who plays for Amerika, can also sell out Estadio Azteca, but that is because while he is playing, 130,000 people like to work on their technique for throwing rotten fruit and balloons filled with substances other than water.

Sanchez is an anti-hero who spits at the crowd and fights with officials. The barbed-wire moat that surrounds the Azteca playing field is there as much to protect him as it is to protect players on opposing teams. He is soccer's equivalent of Hector Camacho, the man Mexican fans love to hate.

Chavez, though, is another matter. Mexicans sing songs about him. Even with business suits, they wear replicas of his trademark red satin headband in public places. They carve his name into their hairdos and spray-paint it on their cars.

While the rest of them sit in their cramped VW Beetles, mired in the horrendous, all-day Mexico City traffic (compared to which the Los Angeles freeways move like the Autobahn), Chavez, chatting happily in the back seat of a Mercedes, gets a police escort around

(Continued on page 55)

Nelson (left) squeaked by Gabe Ruelas, Nunn quickly crushed Dan Morgan (bottom left), Norris overwhelmed Blocker (right), and in the main event, Chavez punished Haugen (below).

Photos By Holly Stein & David Leah—Showtime/Allsport

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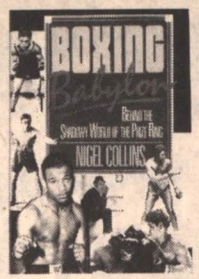

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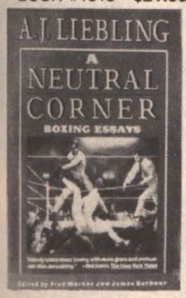

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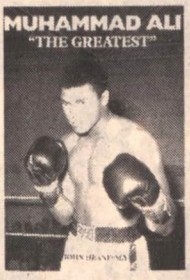

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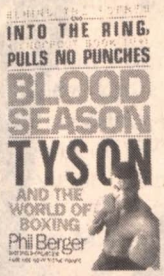

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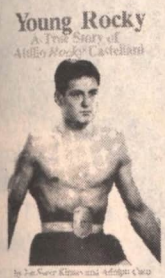

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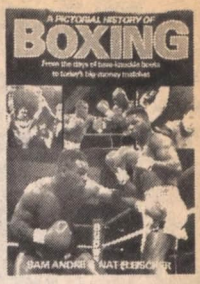

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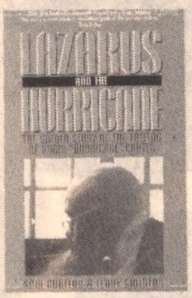

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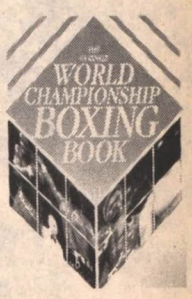

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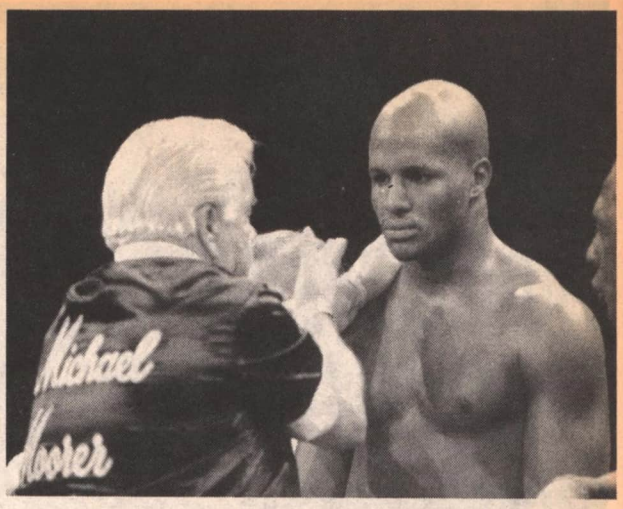
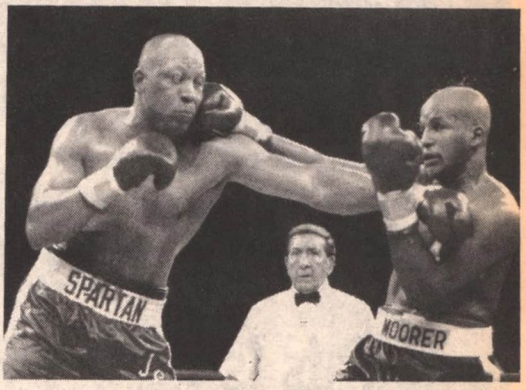
THE TAMING OF MICHAEL MOORER

By Caging The Beast, Are They Caging The Best?





*During Moorer's points win over Bonecrusher Smith, Lou Duva (top) might have said, "You're boxing **beautiful**, baby!" Moorer jabbed from a safe distance (above) and chose not to bomb away.*

By Jeff Ryan

Sometimes a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. The least Michael Moorer could have done, though, was ask us how we felt about it. Let's be frank: Moorer jabbing and slipping punches is not a sight we're climbing over each other to take in. It brings you to the edge of your seat like, oh, Cecil Fielder squaring around to bunt, Eddie Van Halen walking on stage with an acoustic guitar in hand, or Arnold Schwarzenegger playing the role of a priest. Letdowns we can handle, just let us down *eeeeeee-zeeeeeee.*

This transformation of one of boxing's premier powerhitters from mortician to technician (from Moorer to Snorer?) was too abrupt, even for a sport that makes the ability to constantly reinvent one's self a requirement for getting a license. On a Saturday afternoon in February, an ABC-TV audience and the fans sitting in Atlantic City's Showboat Hotel & Casino didn't expect Moorer to blind them with science and use 39-year-old Bonecrusher Smith as his lab partner. No, they thought Moorer would, at best, leave The Bone with a compound fracture and, at worst, transplant his marrow.

"*I* know I can mix it up, and people out there know I can," Moorer said after pocketing a unanimous decision by scores of 98-91 (Eugene Grant), 98-92 (Vinnie Rainone), and 98-93 (Al DeVito). "I think after today, people will say Michael Moorer can fight and can box, too."

Defense? Counterpunching? Textbook boxing? From a guy who was once addicted to gory movies, regularly hid himself in the storage closet of a basement to brood, and dreamed of breaking someone's cheekbone because he wanted to "see what it looks like pushed in"?

When you have a hand grenade, do you throw it at someone's head in the hope of giving him a whopper of a bruise? No, you pull out the pin, toss it at his feet, and blow him to bits. And when you have a Moorer, you don't make him into Pernell Whitaker. You feed his fury, stoke his fire, send him out of his corner with a provocative "I can't believe he said that about your *mother,* Mike."

At least that was the theory subscribed to by anyone fascinated with Moorer's mix of savagery and crunch punch. It was certainly subscribed to by the fighter's former trainer, Kronk boss Emanuel Steward. Moorer's new team, Lou Duva and George Benton, have canceled the subscription.

They look at Moorer and see a fighter who has been campaigning as a heavyweight for just two years—or nine bouts, most of them against nobodies. They see a 6'2½", 215-pound guy who will have to overcome a 6'5", 240-pound Riddick Bowe, or a 6'5", 225-pound Lennox Lewis to win a world title. Maybe Moorer could overwhelm Bowe or Lewis quickly in a hit-me-with-your-best-shot slugfest. After all, they have yet to experience such an explosive hitter five o'clock-shadow-boxing with their chins. But if Moorer *can't* take them out . . .

The new camp recognizes that there was a flipside to one of Moorer's greatest hits, the eye-popping display of power and heart that overcame "Smokin' " Bert Cooper in the best

(Continued on page 54)

Photos By Nasser Khan & Associated Press

MICHAEL CARBAJAL KAYOS HUMBERTO GONZALEZ

If This Isn't The Fight Of The Year, We Have A Lot To Look Forward To

By Joseph C. Tintle

It was a savage and mesmerizing fight. Just what Michael Carbajal had *not* expected. Or wanted. He and his brother Danny, who manages and trains the 1988 Olympic silver medalist, thought for sure that Carbajal would easily stick and move against Humberto "Chiquita" Gonzalez. And if a knockout failed to materialize, well, so what? A one-sided decision over the light flyweight division's hardest hitter would be welcomed.

But a funny thing happened during round one, as Carbajal was on the receiving end of several shots to the head and body. In those three minutes, he decided that all the talk about Gonzalez' malefic fists was just that. All talk.

"He's not that strong," Carbajal whispered to Danny between rounds. "I want to tear him up on the inside."

On paper, Carbajal had the edge in height, speed, reach, and boxing skill. And Danny wanted him to utilize every advantage. But after the first round, Carbajal forsook them in favor of slugging it out with the small man's version of Mike Tyson.

That wasn't the prefight strategy Danny Carbajal had planned for his kid brother. He thought it best that Carbajal score with jabs and maintain a safe distance, lest he become Gonzalez' 27th kayo victim. And yet, as Carbajal inched closer and closer to Gonzalez, Danny didn't panic. He trusted his brother's instincts because *Michael* was the one doing the fighting. If little brother didn't think Gonzalez was as strong as advertised, why not let him stray from the strategy?

"But keep sticking that jab," Danny warned. "Then, if he doesn't feel strong and you can connect on his ass, okay. But I want that movement."

Still, Carbajal, the IBF 108-pound champion, committed to fighting WBC king Gonzalez at close range. At times, they slugged one another silly while leaning forehead to forehead. But toe-to-toe exchanges had gotten Carbajal in more trouble than he'd cared to remember, particularly in victories over Jesus Chong and Javier Varguez.

After six rounds, it appeared that Carbajal, a 4-1 favorite, was en route to his first pro loss. He was unable to land his awesome body shots against his compact 5'1" opponent; he had been knocked down twice; and he was trailing 58-54 on the cards of John Stewart, Omar Mintun, and Jerry Roth.

Then came the seventh, and a shocking turnaround.

***

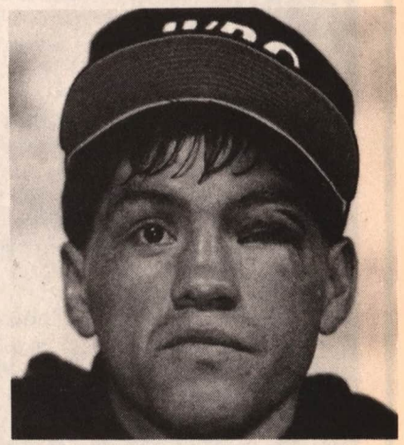
Two years ago, Carbajal-Gonzalez had been a much-ballyhooed match. Former bantamweight champion Richie Sandoval, who scouts lighter-weight fighters for Top Rank, said at the time, "The two of them will go in the ring and say, 'Either knock me out, or I'm going to knock you out.' You're going to see two explosive light flyweights going at each other. Absolutely. No question about it. You can take it to the bank."

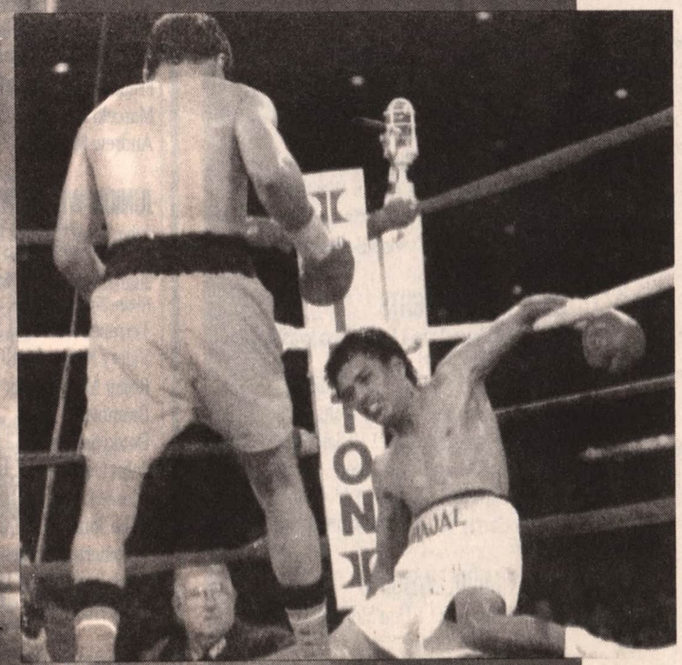
Never was a prefight assessment more on target. What transpired on March 13 at the Las Vegas Hilton will be remembered as a classic in-your-face matchup featuring high-speed exchanges with few breaks.

The 25-year-old Carbajal made the fight more interesting than he had to. No sooner had he told his brother that Gonzalez would give him no problem than Chiquita began a vicious attack replete with rights and lefts to the head and body.

That Gonzalez befuddled Carbajal, 107, for stretches, there was no doubt. While Carbajal felt that the two knockdowns aside, the Mexican wasn't as powerful as he had been billed, he certainly looked much faster and punched much straighter than expected. As is often his strategy, Gonzalez, 107½, often switched from a conventional stance to southpaw. This confused Carbajal. Chiquita fired short hooks and uppercuts from either direction, and late in round two he shot a straight left through Carbajal's guard and sent him on his butt.

While Carbajal's ringside fans may have been concerned by the sight of their hero on the floor, his brother wasn't.





When Carbajal boxed in ring center (above), he was outfought, and in the fifth, knocked down and almost out (below). After "Little Hands Of Stone" rallied to win, Chiquita showed the wounds of war (right).

"That knockdown was nothing," Danny said. "Michael looked my way and said he was okay. I wasn't worried at all. It was a flash knockdown. Afterward, he told me Chiquita was a weakling, and that he'd mess him up."

Carbajal was up at eight. He finished the round and went on to win the third. Early in round three, a crisp right opened a 1½-inch slice between Gonzalez' left eyelid and eyebrow. For much of the round Carbajal outfought his opponent. But every so often Gonzalez' left would find Carbajal's face. That's when Danny finally realized that if his brother stood away from Gonzalez

(Continued on page 55)

Summary

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Michael Moorer W 10 Bonecrusher Smith
Alex Garcia KO 5 Mike Williams
Larry Holmes KO 5 Rocky Pepeli
Mike Weaver W 10 Bert Cooper
Herbie Hide KO 5 Michael Murray
Bruce Seldon KO 7 Al Shoffner
Terry Davis W 12 David Bey
Roger McKenzie KO 5 Magne Havnaa
Lionel Butler KO 5 Tony Willis
Mark Wills W 10 Jerry Jones
Eric Curry W 10 Rocky Pepeli
Kevin Ford KO 7 Keith McMurray
Mike Rouse KO 4 Ric Honeycutt
Bruce Johnson W Disq. 3 Mitch Green
Larry Donald W 6 Matthew Brooks
Danell Nicholson KO 1 Mark Posey
Jorge Luis Gonzalez KO 4 Mike White

CRUISERWEIGHTS

Anaclet Wamba W 12 David Vedder
(Retains WBC Title)
Al Cole W 12 Uriah Grant
(Retains IBF Title)
Akim Tafer KO 6 Dimitri Eliseev
Robert Daniels W 10 James Heath
Dennis Andries W 10 David Sewell
Derek Angol KO 5 Steve Yorath
Kenny Keene W 10 Rickey Parkey
Carl Thompson KO 2 Arthur Weathers
Lenny LaPaglia KO 1 Nate Spears
Marcus Bott W 12 Tyrone Booze

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Virgil Hill Tech. Win 11 Adolpho Washington
(Retains WBA Title)
Leeonzer Barber W 12 Mike Sedillo
Ernest Mateen KO 4 Kevin Watts
Darius Michalezewski KO 10 Saidi Ali
Paul Burke KO 7 Billy Schwer
Robbie Sims KO 3 Keheven Johnson
Fabian Garcia W 10 Sean Mannion

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Michael Nunn KO 1 Dan Morgan
(Retains WBA Title)
Nigel Benn W 12 Mauro Galvano
(Retains WBC Title)
James Toney KO 9 Iran Barkley
(Wins IBF Title)
Chris Eubank W 12 Lindell Holmes
Tony Thornton W 8 Melvin Wynn
Steve Collins KO 3 Johnny Melfah
Steve Collins KO 7 Ian Strudwick
Antoine Byrd KO 9 Steve Darnell
Darin Allen W 12 Melvin Wynn
Nicky Piper W 12 Miguel Maldonado
Lou Gent W 12 Hunter Clay

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Gerald McClellan KO 2 Tyrone Moore
Vinny Pazienza KO 6 Brett Lally
Chris Pyatt KO 3 Colin Manners
Jorge Castro KO 2 Jacobo Hernandez Garcia
Frank Grant KO 7 John Ashton
Joe Gatti KO 2 Oscar Noriega
Raul Marquez KO 3 Leo Edwards

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Julio Cesar Vasquez KO 1 Aquilino Asprilla
(Retains WBA Title)
Terry Norris KO 2 Maurice Blocker
(Retains WBC Title)
Julio Cesar Green W 10 Eric Holland
Kirkland Laing KO 3 Bozon Haule

WELTERWEIGHTS

Pernell Whitaker W 12 Buddy McGirt
(Wins WBC Title)
Larry Barnes W 10 Clarence Coleman
Felix Trinidad KO 4 Pedro Aguirre
Gert Bo Jacobsen W 12 Manning Galloway
Gary Jacobs KO 9 Ludovic Proto
Eamonn Loughran KO 6 Mike Benjamin
Ike Quartey W 8 Mario Morales
Ike Quartey KO 4 Floyd Williams
Lester Ellis KO 2 Rocky Berg
Jung Oh Park D 12 Allan Alegria
Pat Barrett W 8 Juan Gonzalez
Fidel Avendano KO 6 Armando Campas
Freddie Ladd KO 3 Donny Meadows
Marcelo DiCroce KO 4 Darren Dyer
Andrew Murray W 12 Jose Martinez

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

Julio Cesar Chavez KO 5 Greg Haugen
(Retains WBC Title)
Juan Coggi KO 3 Domingo Martinez
(Non-Title Bout)
Terrence Alli KO 4 Juan Nunez
Valery Kayumba KO 11 Mark McCreath
Roger Mayweather W Disq. 5 Livingstone Bramble
David Santos W 12 Mauro Gutierrez
John Duplessis W 10 Richie Albrecht
Vinnie Letizia W 10 Harry Arroyo
Mike Johnson W 12 David Taylor
Humberto Rodriguez KO 3 Leroy Owens
Buck Smith KO 2 Dean Keene
Pepe Reilly KO 1 Mark Fornelli

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Rafael Ruelas KO 3 Robert Rivera
Joey Gamache W 10 Michael Grow

Miguel Julio KO 2 Miguel Melendez
Oscar De La Hoya KO 4 Jeff Mayweather
Jorge Paez KO 8 Ramon Felix
Chad Broussard KO 1 Kent Hardee
Ray Olivera KO 2 Robert Hightower
Michael Ayers KO 5 Danny Myburgh
Homer Gibbins W 10 Tommy Hanks
Pedro Saiz KO 7 George Pindell
Chuckie Sturm W 10 Tracy Muse
Jimmy Deoria KO 8 Gene Reed
Ivan Robinson KO 1 Antonio Pressley

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

Azumah Nelson W 12 Gabriel Ruelas
(Retains WBC Title)
Calvin Grove W 10 Troy Dorsey
Kamel Bou-Ali D 8 Jacobin Yoma
Raul Perez KO 8 Miguel Pena

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Tom Johnson W 12 Manuel Medina
(Wins IBF Title)
Luisito Espinosa W 12 Raul Martinez Mora
Sean Murphy KO 9 Alan McKay
David Santos KO 2 Jaime Castellano

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

Tracy Patterson W 12 Jesse Benavides
(Retains WBC Title)
Wilfredo Vasquez W 12 Luis Mendoza
(Retains WBA Title)
Rudy Zavala KO 5 Hector Diaz
Maui Diaź KO 6 Mark Brooks
Chun Huh KO 1 Jay R. Tarre

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Junior Jones KO 4 Juan Pablo Salazar
Yasuei Yakushiji KO 6 Francisco Peralta
Daorung Chuvatana W 10 Rolando Bohol
Johnny Armour W 12 Morgan Mpande

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Sung Kil Moon KO 1 Hilario Zapata
(Retains WBC Title)
Thalerngsak Sithbaobay KO 5 Kenichi Iha
Marco Antonio Barrera W 10 Ivan Salazar
Johnny Bredahl KO 1 Jose DeJesus
Jerry Penalosa KO 3 Kyung Seo Koo
Rolando Pascua KO 6 Rey Paciones

FLYWEIGHTS

Kwang Sun Kim W 10 Manny Melchor
Chartchai Sassakul W 12 Alexander Makmutov
Jess Maca KO 4 Jonathan Penalosa
Jesus Herrera W 10 Richard Clarke

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

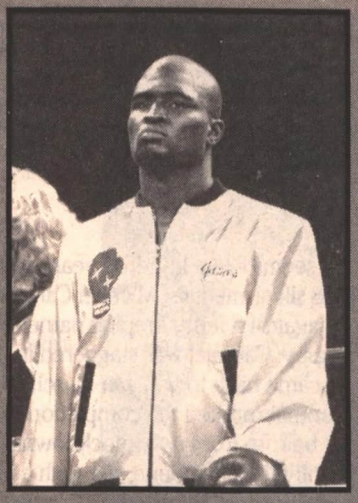
Michael Carbajal KO 7 Humberto Gonzalez
(Wins WBC Title; Retains IBF Title)
Eric Griffin KO 2 Manuel Valenzuela

STRAWWEIGHTS

Andy Tabanas KO 1 Victor Gestopa

BOXING BIOFILE

By Mark Malinowski



JAMES TONEY

IBF Super Middleweight Champion

Height: 5'10½"
Weight: 168 pounds
Date of Birth: August 24, 1968
Place of Birth: Grand Rapids, Michigan

Childhood Heroes: Ray Robinson ("Sugar Ray was smooth. Great technician in the ring. Very classy guy. A great person. Great dresser.") . . . Tommy Hearns ("In the same league as Sugar Ray.") . . . Muhammad Ali
All-time Favorite Fight: Hagler-Hearns ("The war. I dream of being in a fight like that one day. Hagler did the job. He kept the pressure on Tommy. He got hit a lot, but he kept coming on.")
Greatest Sports Moment: Winning the IBF middleweight title by knocking out Michael Nunn

Family: Mother (Sherry)
Hobbies: Bowling ("Every Sunday morning I wake up at 7 a.m. and go bowling.") . . . Playing with my two dogs, Damian and Champ.
First Car: '76 gray Ford Granada ("My mom gave it to me.")

First Job: Working at Burger King, age 14 ("I quit that same night.")
All-time Favorite Movies: *New Jack City, Scarface* ("I like movies with violence and killers in them.")

Early Boxing Memory: "My first day in the gym [age 12]. I knocked someone out. He wouldn't wake up for a while. I went home and told my mom. I was ready to take on the world then."

Favorite Breakfast Cereal: Cap'n Crunch
Favorite Ice Cream Flavor: Vanilla
Favorite Food: Pizza, Burger King ("They're tied for number one.")
Prefight Meal: Fish, baked potato, turkey, chicken, Gatorade, water
Most Treasured Possession: My daughter Jasmine Nicole

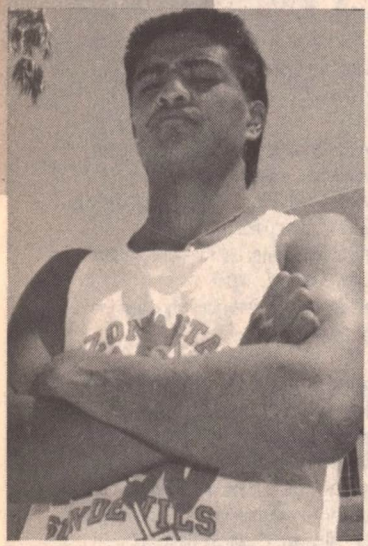
Funniest Boxer I've Encountered: Vampire Johnson
Closest Friend in Boxing: Tommy Hearns
Little-known Fact: "I'm a nice guy. Just a nice guy. If you get to know me, I can be your best friend. I'll do anything in the world for you."
Last Halloween Costume: Batman (age 10)

Favorite Sport (other than boxing): Football ("I used to play defensive back and QB. I like sports with a lot of contact.")
All-time Favorite TV Show: *The A-Team*
Music I Enjoy: Rap, Ice Cube
Nickname: "Lights Out" ("My friend and cotrainer, Greg Owens, named me that as an amateur.")

Person I Most Admire: Thomas Hearns ("He's helped me out a lot. He comes to my fights, he gives me advice. I look up to him a lot. He's down to earth. You'd think he'd be stuck-up being a champion and all that, but he's not. When I was 7-0, I visited Tommy at his house. He sat me down and told me I had to work hard to be a champion.")
Favorite City: Los Angeles ("No snow. You don't have to worry about slipping and sliding.")
Favorite Fighter of Today: Junior Jones ("I love the way he fights. He's exciting. Very exciting. He can't miss.")
Ambitions: To win four world titles, stay undefeated ("which I will"), and buy a bigger house in L.A. ■

Ringside Reports

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



It seems like a hundred years ago that 1988 silver medalist Michael Carbajal turned pro against a feisty fireplug named Will Grigsby. Carbajal was staggered in that fight, but came back to win. On March 13, in a bout that marked the completion of a full cycle, he rose from two knockdowns to partially unify the 108-pound title with a seventh-round kayo of Humberto "Chiquita" Gonzalez.

In the 26 fights between, "Little Hands Of Stone" established himself as a fierce competitior and classy champion. Now he must be considered one of the best fighters, pound for pound, in the game. Not bad for a kid who almost didn't get by Will Grigsby.

Michael Carbajal

Virgil Hill Tech. Dec. 11 Adolpho Washington

Fargo, North Dakota—What a way for a fight to end! Already battered and bleeding, Washington was accidentally cut over his swollen left eye between the 11th and 12th rounds by a TV ringside cameraman, forcing referee Steve Smoger to halt the challenger's courageous attempt at Hill's WBA light heavyweight title before a crowd of 7,100 at the Fargodome.

Hill, 175, Bismarck, North Dakota, barely took a backward step all fight. Washington, 175, Lexington, Kentucky, was dropped by a counter hook in the second round. He also suffered a broken nose in that round, and bled heavily.

"I was going to stop it," Smoger told *The Ring*, "but the man's corner [G.L. Van Horn, Malcolm Garrett] campaigned effectively for more chances. Adolpho is a bomber, and I let it go . . . the lightning-in-a-bottle chance."

WBA rules state that when a fight is stopped due to an unintentional injury after the third round, the outcome is decided by the judges. After 11 rounds, Humberto Figueroa (Panama) and Hubert Earle (Canada) both scored 109-99, and Al Wollensky (USA) had it 110-96, all for Hill.

Washington, 19-2-1 (13), arrived on the frozen tundra of North Dakota—the wind chill factor was minus-40 degrees—full of hope. Rated 12th by the WBA, he was coming off a points win over Canadian champion Drake Thadzi. (His most impressive victory came when he was a teenager; in 1983, he stopped Riddick Bowe in the Junior Olympics.) Nine of his 13 kayo victims have failed to last past the first round. But his attack proved ineffective vs. matador Hill. The challenger's only highlight came in the first round, when he opened a small cut over Hill's right eye. That aside, he was countered over and over again.

Hill earned $150,000 and Washington $25,000. Hill's next defense will come on April 3 in France vs. local favorite Fabrice Tiozzo.

Promoter: Cedric Kushner

(2-20-93)

Doug Nassif

Al Cole W 12 Uriah Grant

Atlantic City, New Jersey—After several postponements, unheralded IBF cruiserweight champion Cole finally made his first defense, seven months after winning the crown from James Warring. At the Trump Castle, Cole, 190, Spring Valley, New York, faced 31-year-old veteran Grant, 189, Miami, who hadn't fought in a year, and whose backers put up some cash to get him the shot. It all seemed a bit contrived, but turned out to be a good fight. It wasn't too pleasant for the purist, but offered action and competition worthy of a title skirmish.

The challenger was tough, and came with bad intentions, but exhibited little diversity in his attack. He pressed forward all night and worked Cole over with hooks whenever he could force the action to close quarters. Cole lurched around, and at times seemed to be groping for a plan that would work. His approach, however, afforded him enough versatility to keep ahead in a lot of the close rounds.

Cole's principle tactic was to try to time Grant's rushes for the perfect uppercut. While the champion often snapped back his opponent's head, Grant hadn't been kayoed since his second pro fight, and the jolts were usually just the opening shots of heated infighting. (During the phone booth warfare, Grant's corner frequently screamed about low blows. Referee Tony Orlando, however, remained unmoved.) When not struggling at close range, Cole moved back and laid out a long jab that made him look like he wanted no part of his adversary.

The packed house was polarized on opposite sides of the room, with the Triple Threat investors supporting Cole on one flank, and the non-believers rallying behind Grant in reaction. The challenger seemed about to reward his fans in the eighth and ninth, when a spirited attack began to overrun Cole's position. But the withering pace slowed him a step, and in the 10th, Cole, 22-1 (11), seemed to rise from the near-dead. Finally putting hooks and right uppercuts together, he rocked Grant, 22-10 (21), and had him in trouble with a stirring late rally.

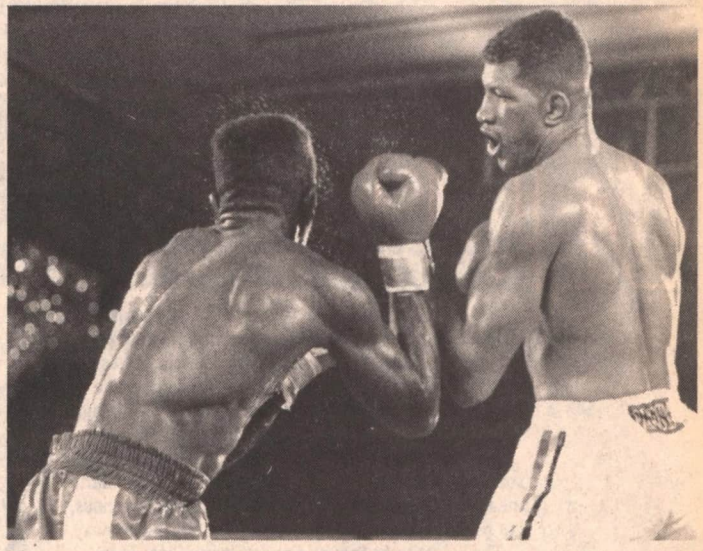
Cole, 28, retained the title with a unanimous decision that drew a mixed reaction from the charged crowd. Frank Brunette scored 116-112, Robert Balough 115-113, and Leroy Brown 117-111. All three judges are from the USA. *The Ring* had Cole in front by 116-114.

Afterward, matchmaker Ron Katz, speaking for promoter Bob Arum, put forth an ambitious plan that would unify the cruiserweight title and elevate 190-pound title fights above the weekly ESPN fare. Whether it comes to fruition remains to be seen.

(2-28-93)

J.R. Jowett

Cole left Uriah in a heep



Wilfredo Vasquez W 12 Luis Mendoza

Levallois, France—In the ninth round of this spirited battle for the WBA junior featherweight title, challenger Mendoza threw a jab. This was noteworthy only because it was the first such punch delivered in about half-a-dozen rounds. The fight was contested at close quarters from start to finish.

It was a grueling battle at the Palais des Sports Marcel Cerdan, with defending titlist Vasquez retaining the crown for the third time, by unanimous decision. Andres Lapuente (Spain) scored 117-112, Renato Caddeo (Italy) 115-113, and Armand Krief (France) 116-114.

Puerto Rico's Vasquez needed two tries to make the division limit of 122 pounds. He hardly seemed weak, however, as he pursued Colombia's Mendoza throughout the first two rounds. By the third, both fighters were willingly battling chest to chest, and they stayed glued until the final bell. The more aggressive Vasquez depended on his signature hook, firing to both the head and body—and often landing low. More of a counter-puncher, former champion Mendoza concentrated on defense and high volume. There were several moments of non-stop punching that lasted for a minute or more. Vasquez is 36-6-3 (29). Mendoza dropped to 34-4-2 (20).

As it turned out, the difference was that Vasquez' aggressiveness suitably impressed the judges.

On the same card, WBC cruiserweight champion Anaclet Wamba kept the crown for the fourth time with an uneventful 12-round decision over the much smaller David Vedder. Wamba, 190, France, wore down Vedder, 187¼, San Jose, California, and won by unanimous scores of 118-111 (Puerto Rico's Angel Luis Guzman), 117-113 (Belgium's Daniel Van de Wiele), and 116-113 (Italy's Rolando Barrovechio).

(3-6-93)

Sung Kil Moon KO 1 Hilario Zapata

Seoul, South Korea—"Korean Fists Of Stone" Moon retained the WBC super flyweight title for the eighth time by stopping former two-division world champion Zapata at the 2:54 mark of the opening round.

Zapata, 114¾, Panama, formerly held titles at junior flyweight and flyweight. For two minutes, the 33-year-old southpaw outboxed Moon, scoring with light but accurate combinations. But Moon, 114½, South Korea, kept coming forward. After connecting with a solid hook, he opened up with some ferocious combinations. He missed often, but eventually caught Zapata with a lethal right. Zapata crashed hard, the back of his head bouncing off the canvas. When he regained his feet but wobbled backward, referee Toby Gibson didn't hesitate to call a halt.

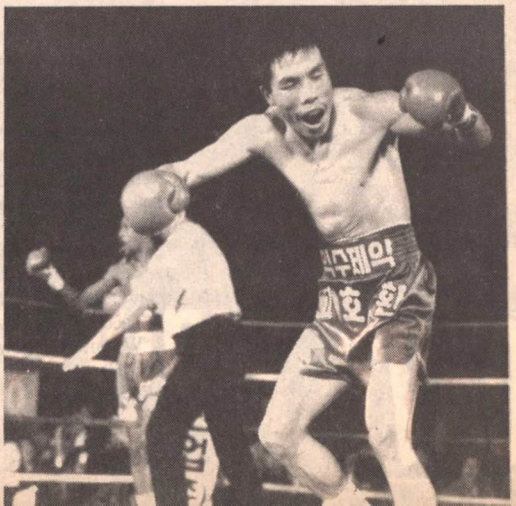
Moon, 29, advanced to 19-1 (15). Zapata fell to 43-9-1 (14). The judges were Herbert Minn, Dave Moretti, and Clifford Heaver.

Promoter: Camel Promotions

(2-27-93)

Joe Koizumi

The champ does a Moondance



Nigel Benn W 12 Mauro Galvano

Glasgow, Scotland—"The Dark Destroyer's" vulnerability was exposed in the dying moments of an otherwise uninspiring contest, marred by Galvano's spoiling tactics and Benn's inability to do anything about it.

Although Benn retained the WBC super middleweight title by clear-cut unanimous decision at the Scottish Exhibition Centre (he won the crown from Galvano last October), there might well have developed an altogether different scenario had the Italian challenger landed an explosive short right 30 seconds earlier than he did. The punch knocked Benn deep into a semiconscious state, and the final bell may well have saved him.

Fighting with an angry distaste for his opponent that stemmed from their first fight, Benn, 167¾, Ilford, England, time and again aimlessly charged in. Galvano, 168, Rome, displayed a distinct reluctance to mix it with the more powerful champion at close range, and, for that matter, at long range. He repeatedly trapped Benn in a forceful headlock, to which referee Tony Perez (USA) showed a surprising indifference. In fact, he wasn't penalized once for the obvious infraction, though he did lose a point for punching after the break in round seven.

Benn, 31-2 (28), picked up the first three rounds on effort alone, while Galvano, 22-3-2 (4), may have shared the next two. There was a brief toe-to-toe exchange in the sixth. Then the fight reverted to its dull pace until Galvano struck late—too late—in the 12th.

Scoring: Bob Logist (Belgium) 118-112, Lazaro Carrasco (Spain) 118-114, and Loúis Michel (France) 117-113. *The Ring* had Benn in front by 118-111.

Afterward, Benn reaffirmed his desire to meet arch-rival and countryman Chris Eubank, though a summer clash has not yet been arranged.

(3-6-93)

Brian Doogan

Julio Cesar Vasquez KO 1 Aquilino Asprilla

Mar Del Plata, Argentina—It took WBA junior middleweight champion Vasquez only 45 seconds to knock out Panama's Asprilla at the Super Domo Stadium. It was local favorite Vasquez' first defense and second consecutive quick kayo; in December, he won the vacant title by stopping Hitoshi Kamiyama at 2:59 of the opening round.

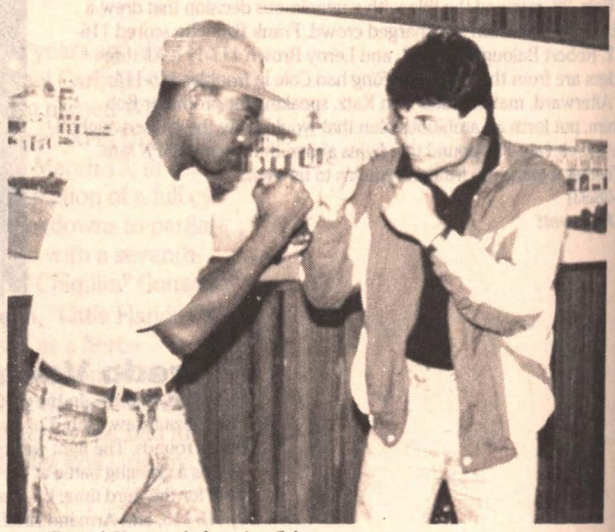
Asprilla, 153¾, 34-9-1 (20), landed only one punch before southpaw Vasquez, 154, 41-1 (31), connected with four tremendous left crosses to the jaw. Asprilla fell unconscious, but referee Waldemar Schmidt counted him out anyway.

The judges were Samuel Conde (Puerto Rico), Uriel Aguilera (Colombia), and Schmidt (Puerto Rico), in absence of a third official.

Vasquez, who said, "I want to be the idol of the Argentine people," will likely next defend against Spain's Javier Castillejo in April.

(2-22-93)

Carlos Irusta



Asprilla and Vasquez before the fight

Tracy Patterson W 12 Jesse Benavides

Poughkeepsie, New York—It was the best of fights, fought under the worst of conditions. But not even the supposed Storm of the Century could stop Madison Square Garden Boxing and ABC-TV from putting on Patterson's second defense of the WBC super bantamweight title.

Fearing that a savage snowstorm would result in an empty house at the McCann Recreation Center, the TV crew was prepared to stack ringside with freebies, but didn't have to. A near-sellout crowd of 2,000 turned out to cheer local favorite Patterson and father/manager Floyd.

The contest was a drama in three acts: Patterson's early dominance, Benavides' rally, and the champion's stirring comeback that swept the fans all but into the ring. Benavides, 122, Corpus Christi, Texas, was peppery, but Patterson, 122, Highland, New York, hit harder, battered both of Benavides' eyes, and commanded the early pace.

That this was not to be a mere showcase for the hero became evident in the seventh. Patterson, whose intensity may have taken more out of him than out of the looser Benavides, began to give ground, while the southpaw Texan gained confidence behind a tattoo of jabs and one-twos. Trainer Tony Ayala Sr. picked up his own pace, commanding Benavides to work the body as well as the head, and suddenly Patterson's left eye was cut and the crowd was quiet.

After the ninth, Floyd advised his son that he needed the last three rounds to win. In the 10th, prolonged exchanges brought the crowd back into it, and a volley just before the bell rocked Benavides, 34-3-1 (23). The challenger was still disconnected at the start of the 11th, and Patterson, 47-2-1 (34), had a big round. In the frenetic 12th, he landed fewer punches, but harder ones.

The fight was hairline close, but the decision was unanimous. New Yorkers Steve Weisfeld and Barbara Perez scored 115-114 and 115-113, respectively. Francisco Manzano (Puerto Rico) saw it 117-113. *The Ring* scored 114-114. The referee was Arthur Mercante Jr.

"There's nothin' like home cookin'," said Patterson.

"We put on a show, at least," offered the disappointed Benavides.

(3-13-93)

J.R. Jowett ■

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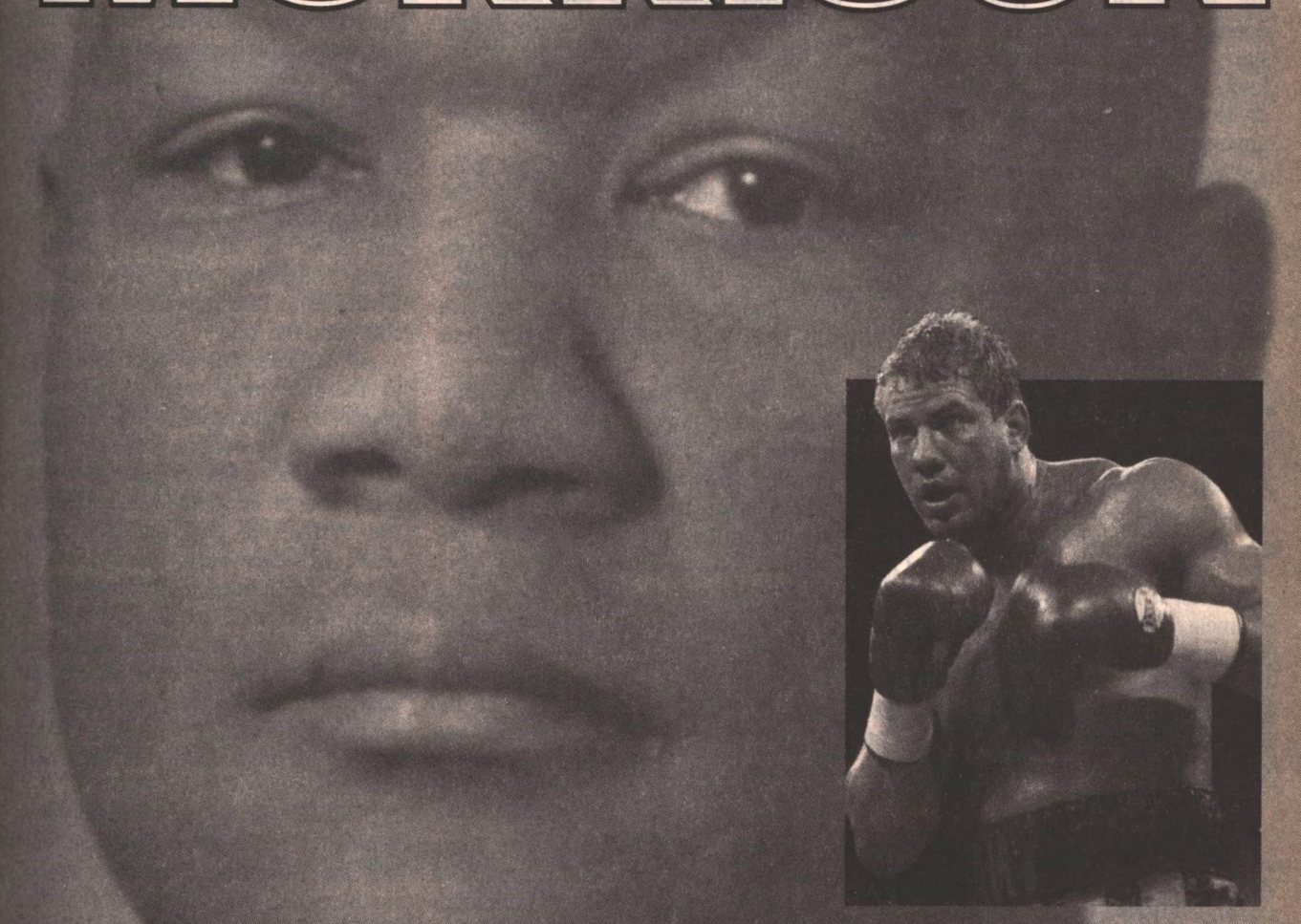

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Michael Moorer

(Continued from page 45)

pure brawl of 1992. That flipside was Moorer almost having to be treated for Smoke inhalation after too many Cooper punches found their way up his nose.

"As an amateur, I was a better boxer," Moorer relates. "When I came to the Kronk organization, the strategy was basically to go in there and murder the guy. Emanuel likes punchers, and he worried about the knockout streak."

Don't be misled. Just because Moorer isn't looking to bomb the enemy totally off the map anymore doesn't mean that he's prepared to start offering humanitarian aid. As long as he's pitching, he remains the division's dizzy dean, a threat to knock anyone into a stupor.

"You never lose the punching power," says Duva, "but because he'll be the smaller guy against some heavyweights, he'll have to make his defense his offense. He can get a lot better. He's an intelligent individual and a real athlete. Someone like Riddick Bowe is just a fighter, but Michael played football, he bowls."

The fight against Bonecrusher at times resembled a gridiron clash, albeit a dull one, with Moorer occasionally surging up the middle, Smith looking to run out the clock, and few of the bombs thrown resulting in scores. Other times, it looked like a bowling tournament, with Moorer getting most of the strikes, Smith having a spare (the tire around his midsection), and the Bonecrusher twice going into the gutter (he nailed Moorer with low blows on two occasions in round three). Moreover, the crowd was so underwhelmed, you could hear a pin drop.

The outcome was in doubt only for the first three rounds. Moorer, 31-0 (28), controlled the opening stanza with hard right jabs and a left to the body, and Smith, 33-11-1 (26), took the second by landing the few clean punches of the round. Angered by the shots bouncing off his protective cup in the third, Moorer temporarily abandoned his game plan and attacked with the old blind rage. He stung Smith with a right uppercut and a combination, but was briefly wobbled by a hard flurry in return.

The promise of a heated slugfest would remain unfulfilled. Each man had sampled the other's power during that momentary fireworks display and didn't care for the taste. Smith, 245, was reluctant to initiate any exchange, and Moorer, 218, remained content to land just one solid punch at a time, reducing the risk of a counter. When Smith did fire his vaunted right, Moorer often slipped it or picked it off.

"They say southpaws are susceptible to the right hand," Moorer said. "I'm gonna bury that."

Moorer immediately established his jab in the opening moments of the fourth, then connected with two thunderous rights. He would win that round on *The Ring* card, then take the next six by jabbing and landing the occasional boomer to the head. By round eight, Smith was clearly trying to survive. When drilled, he would grab the smaller man and hang on to kill time. What he was really killing was any chance of an upset.

Did Moorer execute his fight plan just as it had been drawn up on the chalkboard? We may never know. On the one hand, he did fight in the style taught by Benton, a professor of defense and author of the line, "Just win this one, and look good in the next one."

On the other hand, there is evidence that Moorer may have turned scientist merely because Smith owns one of the division's best chins and is still a dangerous man to slug with recklessly. Minutes after the decision was announced, Lou Duva and his son, Moorer promoter Dan Duva, were walking through one of the hotel's kitchens en route to the dressing room. Dan was briefing Lou on the party line to give the press, primarily that the objective was to work on boxing and The Big D, and that everyone in the camp was thrilled with the way it had all turned out.

Whether the showing against Smith was really preparation and execution or instead improvisation and rationalization is not important. What *is* important is which Moorer we're going to see when he fights for the title—and perhaps beyond. As evidenced by the shaky moments of the Cooper fight and a knockdown suffered at the hands of Bigfoot Martin, Moorer is in need of a better defense and a more versatile attack. The Moorer who performed exploratory surgery on Smith revealed some added dimensions that would make him an even greater threat to the heavyweight elite.

"Guys like Michael have been boxing since they were 12 or 14, so you can't teach them how to fight," Duva explains. "We teach them how to beat certain styles."

And when Moorer is working in the gym, are Duva and Benton envisioning that it's Bowe standing in the ring with him?

"Of course," Duva says. "Except on the days when it's Lewis standing there."

It all sounds great, but let's not forget the attempted transformation of Evander Holyfield. As a light heavyweight and cruiserweight, Holyfield loved to brawl, often making bouts far more difficult than they had to be. When he moved up to heavyweight, Duva and Benton tried to mold him into more of a stylist, teaching him that he could sometimes play the same song on a flute that he could bang out on a set of drums.

Against George Foreman, Holyfield adhered to a strategy of jabbing, combination punching, and movement. But against Bert Cooper, Larry Holmes, and Bowe, he, like most naturally aggressive fighters, reverted to trading. Giving in to that temptation eventually cost him the title.

All of the pieces of Moorer's march to the title have recently fallen into place. By relinquishing the ridiculous WBO title, he became instantly eligible to enter the other organizations' ratings, and is currently ranked first by the WBA. He also settled his legal woes. In Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in March, he pleaded guilty to simple assault, a charge stemming from his breaking of a police officer's jaw with a punch two years ago. Moorer was sentenced to two years probation, so he can continue his emulation of Mike Tyson on *this* side of the cinderblock wall.

Because he is the mandatory contender, a title shot is imminent. And for the first time, we suddenly don't know what to expect from Michael Moorer on that night when the owner of the sports world's most prestigious title smashes a fist into the side of his head. When Moorer's ability is questioned like it never has been before, he must inventory those stockpiles of intelligence and raw violence and decide which one he'll put his trust in to save him from harm.

Will he discipline himself to jab,

back away, and regroup, or, after experiencing technical difficulties, roll up his corner's blueprints, toss them over the ropes, and start bringing punches up from his sweatsocks?

Duva and Benton must undertake a balancing act that The Flying Wallendas wouldn't dare attempt. They must harness their fighter's rage, but be ever so cautious not to squelch it. They must take one of the deadliest punchers in the world and instill in him the instincts of a craftsman. They must teach a killer discretion, while sending him out to kill or be killed. And they must make sure that, somehow, everything works perfectly when that moment of decision arrives.

Michael Moorer isn't a monster locked in a basement anymore. In the months ahead, will the monster that was locked somewhere inside of him that Saturday afternoon in Atlantic City be looking to get out, too? ■

Michael Carbajal

(Continued from page 47)

he'd get tagged by the left hand. So he didn't get frazzled when Carbajal, 28-0 (16), sidled up to his foe and unleashed short right hands and uppercuts.

Gonzalez, 35-2 (26), rallied in the fourth and connected with straight lefts and uppercuts, ending the round with repeated combinations. What surprised Carbajal during the heated exchanges was Gonzalez' hand speed.

"He was a little quicker than I thought," he said.

So much for understatement. Early in round five, Gonzalez, boxing left-handed, caught Carbajal standing straight up and dropped him with two hooks. On his way down, Carbajal's left arm hooked around the ropes, and he slowly sagged to the canvas. He rose at referee Mills Lane's count of seven, only to have Gonzalez chase him into a corner, where the Mexican unleashed furious rights and lefts.

"Now *that* knockdown had me worried," Danny admitted. "Especially when I saw how his leg was bent. When that happened, I thought, *Uh-oh.* Because when a fighter falls like that, it usually means he has nothing left."

Despite glassy eyes, heavy breathing, and shaky legs, Carbajal was able to last the final seconds of the round.

"But I was getting stronger as the fight went on," he said. "I never thought I would lose this fight. You've got to have all the confidence in the world to be in the fight game. And that's what I have. It's the way I've always been, and the way I've always felt."

By the end of the round, Carbajal was connecting with smashing shots to the head and body.

"He may have had me down twice, but I had all the heart in the world," he said.

Between rounds six and seven, Gonzalez' cornermen were telling the fighter that Carbajal was tired. But it was Gonzalez who looked fatigued. Just past the midway point of the seventh round, Carbajal threw a hook to the chin and a right to the forehead that sent Gonzalez staggering back five steps into the ropes. He followed up with a flurry, but Chiquita withstood the attack. Then, as Carbajal drilled a right to the side of Gonzalez' head late in the round, Gonzalez took a half-step to his right. The valiant warrior quickly straightened up, only to get sideswiped by a magnificent hook. He tried to hold on to Carbajal, but "Little Hands Of Stone" stepped back, and Gonzalez crash-landed on the canvas. He was counted out at the 2:59 mark.

"I knew if I hit him with a good solid punch, he couldn't take it," Carbajal said. "And when I saw the way he fell down, I knew he wouldn't get up."

In defeat, Gonzalez was far more gracious than the winner.

"Yes, I know I was beating him," he said. "I was thinking, *I'm beating him. I'm beating him.* But I also know he is a champion. It's why he was able to come back."

This was not Carbajal's most dominant performance, though it was certainly his most impressive. His courageous effort ought to win him many more admirers in the boxing community. By stopping a deadly puncher like Gonzalez, he answered questions as to whether his best days were long gone. And because it was such an exciting fight, he and Gonzalez figure to earn considerably more respect. Who knows? They might even bring their pint-sized counterparts some long overdue attention.

"You know, we small guys can fight just as good as the big guys," Carbajal has said. "We're faster, and we throw more punches."

After watching 1993's first candidate for Fight of the Year, no one was arguing. ■

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

Says ESPN fight commentator Al Bernstein, who called Nicholson's Olympic bouts, "He seems to have an innate boxing ability, as evidenced by the Savon fight, which was really a fight that could have gone either way. But he still needs to work on the fundamentals. It's very important that people don't move him too quickly."

In January, Nicholson took on his toughest test to date, Milwaukee journeyman Danny Blake. Coming in with an inglorious record of 11-37-7, Blake is often avoided because he has never been knocked down or out, and has a reputation for making a hometowner look bad. Sure enough, he went the distance, and while he clearly lost on points, many in the crowd who had come to see hyped Olympian Nicholson booed the decision.

"They see a guy built like Doc, with his reputation, and they get upset that he can't knock out a guy like Blake, who is crafty as hell, but looks like a fat old man," said Nicholson's older brother Otis, who acts as an adviser, confidant, and roommate when he's not busy at his engineering job.

But the boos didn't bother Nicholson. "I'm fighting for myself, not the crowd," he said. "I'm not in a rush to knock people out, to get to the top. Prison taught me patience. But one day soon, I will be champion." ■

Patrick Morley is a freelance writer based in Chicago.

The Grand Slam

(Continued from page 42)

town. Nobody complains.

While it took the rest of Mexico City—including Haugen, who probably wishes he had made a wrong turn and wound up in Monterrey—two hours or more to make the six-mile run from downtown to Estadio Azteca, Chavez was whisked in by helicopter. And while 14 million of Mexico City's 20 million citizens live in abject poverty, walking barefoot in the dusty streets, Chavez lives in a palatial home in his

(Continued on page 56)

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The Grand Slam

(Continued from page 55)

hometown of Culiacan, some two hours away.

Still, he is revered, not resented. He is their Gloved Avenger, kicking the ass of every gringo who ever dared look down at a Mexican or insult him behind his back. As such, Haugen was the perfect foil, the quintessential redneck, the ugly *Norteamericano* personified.

Haugen ensured the hatred of the crowd with such tasty lines as "there ain't 130,000 Mexicans in the whole world who can afford $1.65 to see this fight," and his claims that Chavez' 85-0 record had been fattened up against "Tijuana taxi drivers." When informed that Chavez had taken some of his comments to heart—in fact, he said he "hated" Haugen and would "punish" him—Haugen pleaded innocence. "At least I didn't call them spics and wetbacks," he said.

King, of course, delighted in all this ethnic offensiveness, as he always does. Remember, he is the man who once said of the African-born Nelson that he was "training in the jungle, swinging from the vines, fighting ferocious lions and tigers."

Before this fight, King did his best to portray Haugen as the fearless Roman entering the lion's den.

"Imagine the fabric, the intestinal fortitude of this man," King said. "Coming into Julio's hometown [well, not quite, but is King expected to know Mexico City from Culiacan?], 130,000 Mexicans screaming for his blood, no chance to call timeout, no chance to call for gas when there is no gas . . . "

Behind the scenes, however, King was doing his best to cut the *cojones* out of Haugen and his overbearing promoter, Dan Goossen. First, despite King's hilarious sales pitches on behalf of one of his sponsors, Banco Del Atlantico ("While you're home enjoying a frosty Corona, you can rest assured your *dinero* is safe at Banco Atlantico," he said on Mexican television), Haugen's $1-million letter of credit was nowhere to be found less than 48 hours before the fight.

Then, on fight night, after Goossen found out that not only would King not entertain the thought of a Chavez-Norris matchup, but also that the families of Haugen, Norris, and Ruelas were seated far from the ring, he "hid" Haugen for three hours, fueling last-minute rumors that one of the main eventers was not going to show up, leaving King to explain the absence to an eighth-of-a-million angry fans.

With the riot-geared, machine gun-toting cops prowling the stands, and snarling attack dogs pacing in the moat, King sweated through the endless undercard, in which practically his whole stable got some work in.

There was a comical preliminary in which an American junior welterweight named Leroy Owens was dropped in the first round by a low blow from Mexico's Humberto Rodriguez. As he was writhing on the canvas, Owens was told by no less than Senor Jose Sulaiman himself, "If you don't get up, you will not get paid." He did get up—and got starched two rounds later.

Then there was a procession of King-promoted fighters—Terrence Alli, Felix Trinidad, and Gerald McClellan—in set-ups before, finally, Michael Nunn and Morgan entered the ring for a brief stay. The bout was foreshadowed when Morgan, asked to submit publicity photos, could only come up with shots of himself with a black eye. "He also gave us a side view," said a King publicist, "but in those, he had a cauliflower ear."

Nunn had fought just 20 days before, decisioning Victor Cordoba to retain the WBA super middleweight title. In that one, he had absorbed numerous low blows. But when a proposed Julian Jackson-McClellan middleweight title fight fell apart because Jackson injured a hand, King penciled in Nunn.

When asked how Nunn could possibly be ready to fight in less than three weeks, King said, "Michael Nunn may be hurting now, but he can soak his balls in a frosty Corona."

He was right. Morgan came within one second of lasting the first round with the light-fisted Nunn, and afterward said he could have used more time to train. Then Nelson and Ruelas went at it, although the crowd, heated up by Nunn's display of brute power, grew restless and unappreciative of the quality of the boxing. And when the Mexican-American Ruelas came up short on the scorecards, the derisive whistles perked the ears of every dog within a 10-mile radius.

The crowd settled down during the performance of "Tropicana," a trio of female singers described as Mexican Playboy bunnies. But the crowd grew

weary of them, too, after just three songs. When one of the busty, cowgirl-outfitted singers asked, "Would you like to hear one more?" the whole crowd, it seemed, responded with a deafening *"Noooo!"*

The negative response was so intimidating that another singer, dubbed "The Costa Rican Madonna," begged out of her scheduled spot between the two main bouts. Instead, the crowd got what it wanted: bloodshed. Blocker, foolishly choosing to trade with Norris, was nearly decapitated by a first-round left hook. Referee Richard Steele, appearing more hesitant each fight he works, allowed the slaughter to continue 49 seconds into the second round, by which time Blocker had been thoroughly pulverized.

Finally, around 11:30—6½ hours after the card began—it was time for Julio. Haugen did "turn up," of course, about an hour before the main event; he was supposedly sleeping behind the wheel of a car parked outside the stadium. He never should have awakened, however, as he suffered the worst beating of his career at the hands of a fired-up Chavez. The Mexican could have had a first-round kayo, but, true to his word, chose to punish Haugen instead, allowing him to flounder into the fifth round before finally putting him out of his misery.

The crowd, of course, loved it, and, along with the ear-splitting sound of whistling (when done by more than 136,000 people, it sounds like a billion crickets on helium), it let loose with some killing one-liners directed at Haugen. *"Mata lo!"* (Kill him!) was a favorite during the fight, as was *"Tengo su madre,"* which means "I have had your mother."

But the best line came as the lumped-up Haugen was leaving the ring. In perfect English, but with just the right touch of a Spanish accent, a man shouted into the fighter's face, "Bye, bye, taxi driver!"

And then, after what seemed like all 136,000-plus found the need to walk over the press section and into the ring, Estadio Azteca emptied out, just like that, as if someone had set off a stink bomb. The crowd funneled off to party, and all night long the sound of blaring car horns and the chant of "Chavez! Chavez!" could be heard in the streets of Mexico City.

The next day, a worn-out group of three fight writers and former Mike Tyson trainer-turned-King-gofer Richie Giachetti trekked out to the Plaza Monumental Mexico, the world's largest bull ring, for the weekly *corrida de toros.* About 40,000 people showed up to watch a *mano a mano* between Miguel "Armallita" Espinosa and Jorge Gutierrez, described by the cab driver as the two best *toreros* in Mexico.

Alas, the six bulls fared no better than any of the opponents on "Poker De Ases," and soon blame was being placed on the breeder, one Senor Alberto Baillares Gonzales. The heavyweight, a 1,150-pound monster identified on the program only as number 79, was weak in the knees and reluctant to fight.

The crowd whistled and threw cushions and called the poor beast a mule, which is the worst insult one can hurl at a bull. A comparative featherweight, number 49, however, saved the day in the last fight, even tossing Senor Gutierrez in his final charge of the day. But the outcome was the same, and he was dragged off by the oxen of death to the cheers of the crowd.

And as the crowd began to file out, a strange sound began to fill the air: "Chavez! Chavez! Chavez!"

The hero was nowhere to be found in the bullring, and yet he was everywhere in the hearts and minds of the people of Mexico. ■

Wallace Matthews is a boxing writer and columnist for Newsday.

Whitaker-McGirt

(Continued from page 37)

and chose his opponents regardless of weight or title. His charisma and talent allowed him to be a star in whichever division he occupied. In a career that spanned 15 years, Leonard traveled from welterweight to light heavyweight, and back down to junior middleweight. And he sought nothing but megafights along the way.

● **Thomas Hearns:** He fought in Leonard's shadow, and followed a similar course. Like Leonard, he began at welterweight and won world titles at junior middleweight, middleweight, and twice at light heavyweight.

● **Mike Tyson:** Fans would flock to see him fight anyone, anywhere. But because he was a 220-pound heavyweight, he didn't have the freedom to move up and down the scale. Had it not been for politics, it's likely that Tyson would have fought Evander Holyfield and George Foreman—once considered the two most appealing fights in boxing—before ending up in jail.

● **Meldrick Taylor:** He won the junior welterweight and welterweight titles, but a megafight loss to junior middleweight champion Terry Norris proved he could no longer venture to higher weight classes. A subsequent defeat at the hands of unknown Crisanto Espana may have proven that Taylor no longer possesses the attributes that made him a star. He can no longer get down to 140, and may be ill-equipped to compete at welterweight.

● **Terry Norris:** He has the ability and versatility to pick and choose his fights. Impressive wins over former superstars Leonard and Donald Curry have gained him recognition, if not credibility. Norris may have further enhanced his image, or at least his itemized record, by knocking out reigning welterweight champions Taylor and Maurice Blocker in his last two big fights. But Norris won't attain Leonard's stature until he starts toppling middleweights.

* * *

If Norris can meet welterweights half-way, why can't Whitaker do the same with a junior welterweight, or maybe even a lightweight? And while Norris will likely call for the winner of September's fight, Whitaker or Chavez will be able to make a significant amount of money by facing three-division champion Jeff Fenech or 1992 gold medalist Oscar De La Hoya. And since the Duvas no longer have an association with Taylor, there is always the possibility that money could lure these friends into the same ring.

"I don't foresee that, and I don't think Pernell does, either," said Kathy Duva. "I know that he wants to fight whatever big fight is out there. He's very happy about the Chavez fight. But I don't know if he's thinking so far ahead. And he's very comfortable at welterweight. If I had to bet, I'd bet he'd go up in weight before he ever goes down."

But first there is Chavez and his string of 85 straight victories. According to the people closest to Whitaker, snapping that streak is his main priority. In fact, at the press conference following the McGirt fight, the focus shifted to Chavez. And the presence of King had a lot to do with that.

"It's going to be a big, big fight," said King, who claimed he could draw 60,000 fans to the Alamo Dome in

(Continued on page 58)

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Whitaker-McGirt

(Continued from page 57)

San Antonio. "This fight will be second to none."

As King departed, he looked over at Whitaker and said, "See you in September."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," answered Whitaker.

Neither would we. ■

Brawl At The Wall

(Continued from page 27)

TKO at the 2:52 mark. The 22-year-old Norway import is 6-0 (5). Pichaa fell to 6-3 (3).

THE REACTIONS

Chen Jianguo, an air conditioner salesman in Beijing: "I've been hearing my friends say boxing is a real sport for a real man. But I think there must be a better way to show a man's power and potential than by physically fighting each other."

Wang Li, an amateur boxing referee: "We haven't really seen much pro boxing, so we don't understand the rules. We have seen some on TV, but the atmosphere and power here tonight was awesome."

Xu Hongliang, operator of a souvenir stand near the Capital gymnasium: "It's a rough sport. I won't go, even if I'm offered a free ticket. But if my business is slow, I'll go home and watch it on TV. With all the savagery, it's an exciting sport to watch. If there are people willing to risk their lives to provide us with a good show, why not watch it and enjoy it?"

ANYWHERE ELSE ...

In the USA, urban dwellers must be aware of the threat of pickpockets. Boxing fans and ring writers are especially wary; big-fight stories of missing money clips are well-documented. The atmosphere was just a bit different in China.

Brian W. Brian, an attorney from Vancouver who was working for the China Xinghau Group, lost his wallet in downtown Beijing.

"I thought I might have left it at the Friendship [a major department store]," he said. "But I wasn't sure. The next day, I got a call from a nurse named Mrs. Ling, who had found it. She wouldn't let me come and get it, but decided to bring it to the hotel. And when she arrived, she absolutely refused any reward, even after I insisted."

Better yet, promoter Falcigno revealed that one of his associates had left a money pouch containing $3,000 in the back seat of a taxi. He had a receipt, so he contacted the proper authorities. Before they could even begin a tracer, the cab driver brought the money to the hotel's front desk and took off.

Asked Falcigno, "Think that could have happened in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles?" ■

Jack Welsh is a Ring correspondent based in Las Vegas.

Richard Steele

(Continued from page 23)

it look, Matthews wondered, if Steele, who worked as a pit boss at the Golden Nugget, halted the bout too soon, and in favor of Tyson? At least in the opinion of most observers, that's exactly what happened.

"I don't blame him, I blame it on the Nevada commission," Matthews told *The Ring*. "They put him in a bad position, in a potential conflict of interest."

Throughout the postfight controversy, Steele was supported by Chuck Minker and Dr. James Nave, then the Nevada State Athletic Commission's executive director and chairman, respectively. His work load remained steady, but the confidence of his bosses could only soothe him so much.

"After Tyson-Ruddock, it was the toughest," Steele said. "I was so low that I didn't want to referee anymore. The feeling was on and off. It'll always be there to some extent."

Steele reffed four more world title fights in 1991, and nine in 1992, including Chavez-Camacho. His work went without incident, and in a *Ring* poll conducted at the end of '92 and published in the May 1993 issue, boxing insiders rated him the third best referee in the game, behind Nevada colleagues Mills Lane and Joe Cortez. But a pair of big fights early in 1993 brought a fresh wave of attacks, and again Steele was forced to cover up. This time, he was being accused of stopping fights too *late*, or not stopping them at all.

"I thought he was one of the best refs in the business," said Matthews. "But I don't know if he'll ever get back to where he was. Ever since [Tyson-Ruddock I], he's been gun-shy."

On February 13, Steele was the third man for the James Toney-Iran Barkley title fight in Las Vegas. Barkley was weakened by a struggle to make weight—on the day of the fight he dropped 5½ pounds—and Toney dominated. As the rounds mounted, the beating accelerated; Barkley remained upright, but his left eye swelled, and he bled heavily from the nose. After the ninth, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, Barkley's trainer, and Dr. Flip Homansky halted the fight. According to Muhammad, at no point had Steele approached the corner and mentioned that he was considering a stoppage. Steele, however, said that Muhammad later thanked him for calling a halt. (Dr. Homansky was unavailable for comment.)

"[Barkley-Toney] could've been stopped earlier," said Matthews.

Seven days later, Steele worked the Terry Norris-Maurice Blocker title fight before a record crowd of 136,274 in Mexico City. Norris scored a pair of first-round knockdowns, the second coming just before the bell. Blocker stumbled to his corner, and, after the rest period, was allowed to fight on. Steele moved in at the 49-second mark of the second, after Norris scored with a bunch of punches, including one final big right hand.

"You know he could've stopped it right along about here, really," said Showtime's Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who was commenting on a replay of the second knockdown.

"And I don't think anybody would question the judgment of Richard Steele in this case if he did stop it," added blow-by-blow announcer Steve Albert.

(When Steele did intervene in round two, both Pacheco and Albert commended his decision.)

"Though most of the time I go with the guy in the ring, I think he was a little late in both [the Toney-Barkley and Norris-Blocker fights]," said *SI's* Putnam. "It looks to me he's having a problem he's gonna have to solve, or he's gonna have to get another line of work. I like Richard, but we're talking about people's lives. If you pull the trigger too soon, you get a little flak and it goes away. But if you pull it too late, it never goes away.

"It's something he's gonna have to work out himself. Screw the press. The press are a bunch of assholes. The press isn't paid to be right, they're paid to write."

"This is ridiculous," said Steele. "I'm having trouble pulling the trigger because I let a fight go *one round* longer? When a fighter's in danger, I *must* pull the trigger."

Gladys Steele, the referee's wife and the manager of lightweight contender David Sample, says that the unwelcomed attention hasn't affected her husband because "he knows he did the right thing. He loves the sport, he's in it for the love of the sport, not the money. He's going to continue to do what he feels is right. He doesn't care how much bad publicity he gets. He still knows he's one of the best referees in boxing."

Earl Gustkey, boxing writer and columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, echoes the sentiment.

"I wasn't among those who criticized him for Chavez-Taylor; I think he did the right thing," he said. "Toney-Barkley, I thought he did a good job. Norris-Blocker was marginal. I think he's been very consistent. I rate boxing's two best referees as Steele and Mills Lane."

The only fair way to judge Steele is by his actions. His words, however, serve to damn him. Less than two years ago, and after the Chavez-Taylor and Tyson-Ruddock fights, he told *KO* magazine, "The only way my career will suffer is if I start doing my job the way certain fans and some boxing people want me to do it."

This past February, he admitted to *The Ring*, "Even though I know the fighter has no chance, I let the fans and media know he doesn't have a chance. Before, I knew when a fighter had enough. Now, in order to keep my career intact, I have more than myself to please. I have to please the fans and writers, too."

When Steele set his own standards, he was boxing's best referee. How sad and ironic that if he again comes to fully trust his own judgment, he might destroy his career in the process. ■

Kid McCoy

(Continued from page 31)

The tension gradually left McCoy as the stark outline of gun towers and long gray walls receded in the distance and finally dipped behind the brown, sunbaked hills of the California coast. And as the car sped southward toward San Francisco, his eyes began to flicker and gleam with anticipation. There was still a lot of living to be done, and things to see. What Kid McCoy didn't know on that morning of July 22, 1932, was that one of the things he'd want to see was death.

***

Just southwest of Rushville, in the

(Continued on page 60)

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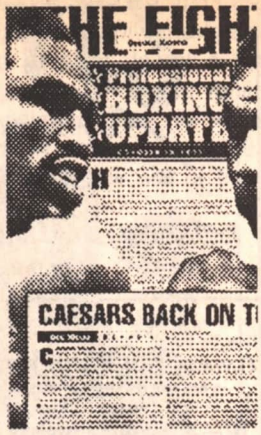

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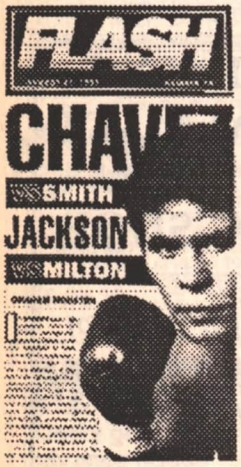

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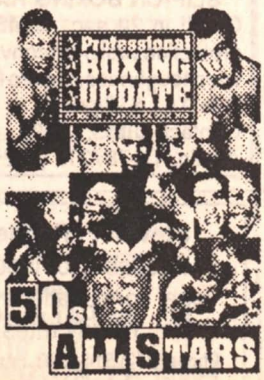

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Kid McCoy

(Continued from page 59)

state of Indiana, there is a little farmland crossroad called Moscow. This Moscow has no Kremlin, and is generally overlooked by map-makers, but it has historic value because on October 13, 1873, a son was born there to Francis and Emily Selby. The baby was christened Norman, and Norman Selby grew up to become the famous—and infamous—Charles "Kid" McCoy.

Mama and Papa Selby, in common with parents everywhere, had all sorts of ambitious plans about Norman's future, but their dreams were shattered when it became apparent that the youngster was allergic to classrooms and books. After four squirming years, Norman quit school and ran away from home. For the next five years he rode the rods and lived off the land. It was a grueling life, but an excellent preparation for what was to come.

"There were hundreds of fights," McCoy once recalled, "with railroad cops, brakemen, and other hobos. I was a skinny runt who looked like fair game to anyone who wanted some punching practice. I learned plenty from those freight-yard scraps, and even invented some new tricks and punches."

One of those new punches wasn't born on the road. It was invented in the Kid's own backyard during one of his infrequent visits home. Sitting on the front stoop, McCoy idly watched a kitten toying with a cloth ball. Quick to note that the kitty's paw shot toward the ball at an angle instead of in a straight line, he wondered what would happen if he hung the same twisting stroke on the end of a jab, like the spin given a bullet by a gun's rifling.

He went quickly to the Selby barn, filled a large burlap bag with grain, and suspended it from a rafter.

"It worked fine," McCoy remembered. "It hurt my knuckles, but I ripped that bag to shreds. There was grain spilled all over the floor. The next time I got in a fight, I delivered my new calling card—the 'Corkscrew' punch."

As is the case with so many McCoy legends, there are different versions of how Norman Selby became Charles "Kid" McCoy. Two of them came from the Kid himself, and both are plausible. In one he told how "I got into a little trouble at school when I was about 13, and knew I was in for a licking when I got home. During recess, I huddled with two other boys who, like me, were also in for a whipping. I suggested that we all run away together and save a lot of wear and tear on our rear ends.

"We headed for the freight yards and hopped the first train east. On the way, we passed through a town named McCoy, and somehow the name stuck in my mind. When we pulled into Cincinnati yards, a bunch of cops who'd been alerted by our parents were waiting for us.

"One of the cops grabbed me by the arm and asked me if I was Norman Selby. An' I thought of the town we'd passed and said, 'Not me, mister. My name is McCoy, Charlie McCoy.'"

In the other version, the Kid swore he got the name from a burlesque act that featured the exploits of two real-life safecrackers, Kid Hennessy and Spike McCoy. He was so taken with the daring character of the pair that he borrowed a name from each one.

Either way, there's no doubt that when he was 18, Norman Selby became an honest-to-goodness prize fighter named Kid McCoy. His first recorded bout was in St. Paul, where he beat one Pete Jenkins in four rounds. In the succeeding four years, the Kid traveled throughout the country, pausing wherever there was a buck to be made with his slashing fists.

By April 1895, he had become a fighter with a reputation. He was called "the bloody trickster who licked Shadow Maber." Maber, an Australian who'd racked up an imposing record in the States, had tangled with McCoy in Memphis, Tennessee. Near the end of the fifth round, Shadow heard an authoritative voice say, "The bell has rung. Go back to your corner." As Maber dropped his gloves and turned to obey, McCoy, whose voice had issued the order, hauled off and belted him on the chin. From that point on, the groggy Australian was no match for the Kid, who romped off with a one-sided 10-round decision.

The one-night stands continued through the rest of 1895, and McCoy learned something in every fight. Naturally possessed of blurring speed and a phantom-like elusiveness, he spent endless hours devising new tricks and perfecting the cruel, cutting power of his punches. There was a target for all this dedication—the reputation that was carried by slick welterweight Tommy

Ryan.

To McCoy, it didn't matter that Ryan had befriended him at a time when he was broke and hungry, had given him a job as a sparring partner and three square meals a day. What did matter was that Ryan had something the Kid wanted. And to McCoy's unique way of thinking, there was also a matter of revenge.

Though they had sparred hundreds of rounds together, Ryan had never tried to hurt the youngster. Even so, there were many times when McCoy went back to his room with large red welts decorating his pallid skin—and with resentment burning in his heart.

The Kid stuck with Ryan almost a year, and made good use of every minute. He studied Tommy's style and made notes of the champion's strong and weak points for future reference. When he finally left, ostensibly as a friend, he knew more about Ryan than he knew about himself.

Early in 1896, McCoy publicly challenged Ryan to a fight. Then, in accordance with his carefully worked out master plan, the Kid went to see his old boss to explain "what may look like brazen disrespect."

"Mr. Ryan," whined McCoy, "don't get the wrong idea about what you've been reading in the papers. I know you can lick me any day in the week, but I'm broke and nothing would help me more than a fight."

McCoy went on, praising Ryan's ability and openly begging for mercy.

"I'd sure appreciate it if you'd accept the challenge, Mr. Ryan, and carry me along for a couple of rounds. Like in the old days, at the training camp—remember?"

Ryan ate up the flattery, which flowed like honey from McCoy's lips. "Okay," he said. "I'll do it. And don't worry, Kid, I'll carry you."

The bait had been taken, and Kid McCoy knew exactly what was going to happen. Ryan would ease off in his training and be out of shape when he entered the ring. The Kid later admitted, "Tommy Ryan in top condition might have been too much for me to handle at the time, but a Ryan off on his timing and slowed down—well, that would be something entirely different."

The big night was March 2, 1896, in the small village of Maspeth, New York. McCoy got to the arena early and quickly donned his fighting togs. Tommy arrived about 30 minutes later, and instead of undressing immediately, lay down on the rubbing table. Before he could doze off, there was a loud rap on the door, and in walked McCoy.

"Ready for a damned good beating?" rasped the Kid.

Ryan stared at his former sparring partner in amazement, but didn't say a word. He just gaped at the snarling face of the man he thought was a needy friend. With a final sneer of evil triumph, the Kid spun on his heel and strutted out.

It didn't take more than a minute in the ring to make Tommy realize that his worst suspicion was true—that he was the victim of a classic double-cross. But there was little he could do about it. By the third round, his face looked like a lump of ground beef, his arms felt like lead weights, and he was blowing like a harpooned whale. The helpless rage he felt at the bitter knowledge of the trap he'd walked into further sapped Ryan's vitality and gradually rendered him helpless against the Kid's ripping punches.

The butchery lasted 15 rounds, and although McCoy could have embalmed Ryan much sooner, he chose to drag out the torture, to hack Tommy to pieces a little bit at a time. Once, in the ninth, the Kid easily avoided a weak swing, pulled Ryan in close and leered, "You're not trying to hurt me are you, *Mister* Ryan? Remember, you promised to carry me!" Then he shoved the battered champion back and planted a stinging shot on his nose.

Tommy was finally released from his agony midway through the 15th, when a crushing right sent him plunging face-down and unconscious to the blood-speckled canvas. The referee's count was just a formality.

At the age of 22 Kid McCoy was perched cockily on top of the world. As a celebrity—and a champion—he plunged zestfully into a bawdy life of lingerie, perfume, and boudoirs, of bright lights, champagne, and hangovers.

Already a veteran of two marriages—and two divorces—the Kid soon moved into another temporary marital venture. The lady was Julia Crosselmire, a New York actress who used the stage name Julia Woodruff. There are those who say that McCoy wooed and won the fair Julia from no less a personage than the famous Diamond Jim Brady. Be that as it may, Julia Crosselmire Woodruff must have been something special. In the next few years, she and the Kid were married and divorced three times.

(Continued on page 62)

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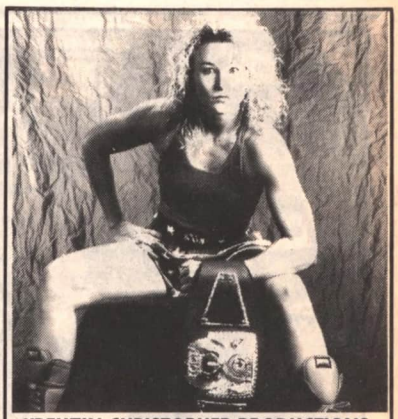

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Kid McCoy

(Continued from page 61)

"Of all the ladies in my life," McCoy once reminisced, "I guess Julia was the one I cared most for. I must have, to have married her three times. But she finally ran away with a man named Thompson, and that ended it."

Marriage became a revolving door to the Kid, who was to make eight trips to the altar with six different women. He favorably impressed one of his brides-to-be, a Mrs. Edna Valentine Hein, by the simple expedient of beating up Mr. Hein in a streetfight. Of the singular lack of permanency in those early matings, McCoy shrugged, "The mistake they all made was trying to reform me. Can you imagine *me* settled down with one woman and raising a bunch of kids?"

The Kid quickly learned that his love-'em-and-leave-'em habits called for more cash than he had, and, consequently, he was soon fighting again, often with heavyweights who towered over him like Mutt over Jeff. Though he outgrew the welterweight division and never defended the unofficial title he'd conned from Tommy Ryan, McCoy became a legend in his own time. A brilliant boxer and master of trickery, he fought for the sheer joy of chopping up a foe, especially if the victim happened to be a bigger man.

"I always got a kick out of fighting big guys," McCoy once confided. "I enjoyed giving them the ol' corkscrew an' watching them fall apart like a pile of toothpicks."

He took on heavyweight Gus Ruhlin in 1898 and slashed him to bloody ribbons in 20 rounds—the same Gus who later flattened Tom Sharkey twice and fought Jim Jeffries for the title. On New Year's Day in 1900, he brushed off a 20-odd pound deficit and knocked out Peter Maher in five rounds. Twelve days later he stretched Joe Choynski, who had held Jeffries to a draw and was to kayo Jack Johnson.

But there was one time when the Kid bit off too much. This was at the old Lenox Athletic Club in New York City, on January 10, 1899. His opponent? Sailor Tom Sharkey.

Sailor Tom was not a giant, but he was built like an armored truck, he was as tough as a 90-cent steak, and no one, not even the great Jeffries, had ever knocked him down. The contrast between McCoy and Sharkey was startling. They were about the same height, but beside the bulky, massively muscled Sailor, the Kid looked like a sickly boy. There were many in the big crowd who gasped in dismay. Others settled back, gleefully anticipating a bloodbath.

Tom waded in from the opening bell, mauling and clubbing. McCoy skittered and dodged and ran like a thief. The chase continued in the second round and through most of the third. Then an incredible thing happened. McCoy, who had imperceptibly slowed his retreat to close the gap between himself and the pursuing Sharkey, suddenly lashed out with a vicious left hook to the head, and followed with a right that sent Tom crashing to the canvas.

The granite-chinned Sharkey blearily regained his feet—and was promptly floored again. When he rose, a salvo of rights greeted him, but the bell rang before McCoy could apply the finisher.

It is generally agreed that had the bell not pealed out a temporary armistice just then, McCoy would have scored a knockout. But it did—and he

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didn't—and never again was he able to summon the force or the opportunity to repeat his fantastic feat.

By the ninth, McCoy's strength was gone and Sharkey was bludgeoning him at will. It became a question of how much the Kid could take, and how long he would last. He took plenty, and he lasted until a rib-caving shot to the body downed him for the full count midway through the 10th round.

Though he was beaten (it was one of six defeats chalked up against him in a career that spanned 25 years and 105 recorded fights), the Kid proved how truly remarkable a battler he was; that beneath the facade of trickery and deceit was a man who could—and would—fight odds with grim ferocity.

As his fistic fame grew, so did the stories told about Kid McCoy. One of these concerns a phrase that has become a part of the English language. Supposedly, it was coined in San Francisco, in 1899. At least McCoy always said so, and while it must be admitted that he was one of the most prolific and tireless liars of his time, there is always an outside chance that he occasionally experimented with the truth. According to the version, the Kid went to San Francisco to renew his rivalry with Joe Choynski. A few weeks earlier, in the same city, Joe McAuliffe had easily whipped a man named Peter McCoy. Kid McCoy, following this second-rate act with a better one, gave Choynski a savage beating in 20 rounds, knocking him down 16 times. The next day, blaring headlines announced that "CHOYNSKI IS BEATEN BY THE *REAL* McCOY."

Somewhere along the Glory Road, the Kid discovered the tranquilizing powers of alcohol and, frequently thereafter, decided that he needed a lot of soothing. There were times when he was so pacified that he could hardly stand. Under the circumstances, it followed that his body operated under duress and, more and more, he depended on deception to win fights.

A typical McCoy trick, one so obvious that it took a master of chicanery to pull off, was executed in Paris at the expense of one Jean Charlemont, a handsome *boulevardier* whose reputation as a champion of *la savate* (fighting with the hands *and* feet) was exceeded only by his fame as a ladies' man. The Kid, who was pausing in France where the champagne was nippier, would never have taken the match, except that his finances were undergoing a spell of anemia.

McCoy realized that any fight in which kicking was permitted called for drastic measures. For the first three rounds he did nothing but duck Charlemont's flying feet, which flew up so often he thought—and undoubtedly wished—he was at the *Folies Bergere* watching the Can-Can. Almost every time he moved out of range, the Kid glanced up at the overflowing gallery and smiled. Growing more and more curious, Charlemont finally succumbed to temptation and asked, "Hey, Keed, what you smile at in zee galleree?"

"Oh, nothing," said McCoy.

"But you always look zere."

"Well," the Kid reluctantly said, "there's a beautiful girl up there who keeps waving. Maybe she's a friend of *yours*, 'cause I don't know anyone here."

"Ah, *mais oui*," the romantic Frenchman sighed. "Zat may be. Zere are so many. Tell me, where is she?"

"Right over there," McCoy pointed.

Charlemont glanced upward to where the Kid had motioned. He woke up about 10 minutes later.

As the combination of willing ladies and cheering bubbly took its toll on the Kid's stamina, guile and trickery became almost an obsession with him. In the twilight years of his career, he went to extraordinary lengths to outwit and harass his opponents. Sometimes he rumpled up their carefully combed hair; sometimes he jibed them until they went wild with rage. When elastic boxing trunks came into vogue, McCoy discovered he could unnerve a rival by snapping the waistband.

Once, during a fight in Toronto, McCoy knocked hulking Bob Day down. Day wasn't hurt, and as he scrambled to regain his feet, the Kid politely leaned over and said, "Here, Bob, let me help you up."

Day foolishly grabbed the outstretched hand. "Upsadaisy," McCoy said. He jerked Day toward him and knocked him unconscious before he could break loose.

And there was the time, while he was on a worldwide tour, that he stopped off in Africa and, "just for kicks," took on a massive native who weighed close to 300 pounds. McCoy wasn't overly concerned about his foe's awesome physique. A basic strategy had occurred to him as soon as he found out that the natives fought in bare feet. In the first round, the Kid, moving backward, lured the giant into his corner. The native, his face contorted with sudden pain, looked down at his bare feet, and McCoy, at the same moment, swished over a right that knocked the African senseless. As it happened, the corner had been liberally sprinkled with tacks.

Kid McCoy enjoyed fibbing. His fertile imagination worked night and day to add to his own legend. Many of the stories told about him are products of that imagination. And he loved a good swindle. His fight with Jim Corbett in 1900, three years after Jim had lost the heavyweight title, was called one of the most flagrant fixes in ring history. One contemporary reporter wrote, "It was the cleverest boxing match ever seen, as well as it should have been, considering how carefully it had been rehearsed in advance."

The Kid never regretted his chicanery and in later years proudly recalled his exploits.

"I took them all on," he said. "Big ones and little ones. It was their tough luck if I was always one jump ahead. I beat a lot of good ones without any tricks—Gus Ruhlin was one, and he outweighed me 50 pounds. You don't hear people squawking if a clever quarterback pulls a fast one in a football game. Why should it be any different in the ring?"

Although he fought—and won—twice in 1912 and once in 1916, 1911 was McCoy's last productive year of fighting. And a remarkable year it was, considering that, at the age of 38, he won five of five bouts.

Even after hanging up his tattered gloves, McCoy refused to be buried in obscurity. His continuing marriages and divorces were still good for headlines, and his new career as an actor in blood-and-thunder movie thrillers made good newspaper reading. The aging Kid did well in Hollywood, for he was a past master at the art of make-believe.

During World War I, McCoy became a one-man bond drive and sold a fabulous number of certificates for Uncle Sam. Glibly persuading Army officials to overlook his age, he talked his way into a hitch with the 29th Infantry Division.

After a year in uniform, it was back to the cinema capital and the resumption of his movie career. Between stints before the camera, McCoy variously worked as a salesman and a detective for the Julian Petroleum Company. When selling and detecting lagged, he opened a physical culture school for run-down movie stars.

(Continued on page 64)

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Kid McCoy

(Continued from page 63)

In the ensuing years, there were periods of bankruptcy and modest affluence, of riding horses in Class B oatburners and making occasional personal appearances at boxing gatherings. It might have gone on indefinitely if he had not wandered into the life of one Mrs. Theresa Weinstein Moers.

Mrs. Moers, a good-looker in her late-30s, was a woman of amiable disposition and generous proportions. Tipping the scales at a whopping 180 pounds, she had a fondness for straight scotch whiskey and an aversion for her husband, Wilbert E. Moers, whom she was on the verge of divorcing. In addition to the physical charms with which nature had endowed her, Mrs. Moers had several bulging bank accounts and owned one of the most lucrative antique shops in California.

Sometime during the summer of 1924, the Kid packed up his extra suit and such keepsakes as two automatic pistols and moved into a Los Angeles apartment with the comely Theresa. The neighbors knew them as "that devoted couple, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Shields." It was a cozy arrangement. But the devotion and the coziness didn't last. Their idyll was jarred by frequent quarrels and was finally shattered on the sultry night of August 11, when, after a wild drinking party, McCoy pumped a 32-caliber bullet through Theresa's brain. It was not until 10 a.m. of the next day that her body was discovered, laid out on the apartment floor with her hands neatly folded and an autographed photo of McCoy resting on her ample bosom.

At almost the same moment as the body was found, the Kid, disheveled and apparently drunk, burst into Mrs. Moers' antique shop a few blocks away, wildly waving a pistol. After screaming to the store janitor, George Keller, to play soft music on the store's phonograph, he forced the terrified male employees and customers to remove their trousers. Spitting out all the profanity he'd learned in 51 years, McCoy then dashed out into the street and shot and wounded two men and a woman. The police nabbed him as he was running blindly through nearby Westlake Park.

Charged with murder, the Kid was

defended by a budding young attorney named Jerry Giesler, later to become famous as the lawyer for troubled movie stars. Giesler wove a brilliant defense, comparable to the masterful tactics of his client during the latter's fighting heyday. It was the defense's contention that Theresa had tried to stab herself with a bread knife; that she and the Kid had then wrestled over the gun, and it went off accidentally. The defense further contended that McCoy was so shaken by the tragedy that he went to the kitchen for a few fortifying belts of scotch and remembered nothing thereafter.

The testimony sounded plausible, as Kid McCoy's stories always did. But the jury wasn't buying it. Undoubtedly swayed by the account of the Kid's Wild West act in the antique shop and in the street, they found him guilty of manslaughter and assorted charges. Judge Charles Crail sentenced him to serve 24 years in prison.

On April 11, 1925, the massive steel doors of San Quentin clanged shut behind Norman Selby, alias Kid McCoy. The man who had been a champion and the master of a thousand boudoirs became a statistic—convict number 40716; age 52; weight 205; height 5'11". The rap seemed to mean that he would die of old age in prison.

But Kid McCoy wasn't ready to quit. There was one way to beat his fate—sweetness and goodness on an unprecedented scale. In the next seven years, the Kid established one of the purest records in the history of San Quentin. He became a model prisoner, repented his sins, and was the most popular "guest" the institution ever had. Other convicts, young and old alike, clustered in awe around the Kid as he sat regally in front of the prison fire house with the red hat and badge that proclaimed him chief, listening with bated breath as he told them thrilling stories of the past.

And he had friends on the prison staff, too: big Jim Holohan, the warden; Clinton Duffy, then a young penal clerk who later became the warden; guards and keepers and shop foremen.

Eventually, word of McCoy's reformation reached the outside, and a move was started to effect his release. Petitions urging clemency were circulated in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. The signatures read like the pages of Who's Who—Vice President Charles Curtis, six United States senators, four governors, a dozen Congressmen, countless mayors, and other political leaders. Gen. Douglas MacArthur signed, as did Alfred E. Smith, William Powell, John and Lionel Barrymore, Lon Chaney, Jimmy Walker, Bernard MacFadden, and Jesse L. Lasky. From all walks of life and from every social stratum the appeal for mercy came, and finally Judge Charles Crail, the jurist who'd sentenced McCoy, paroled him to Harry Bennett, a Ford Motor Company executive. Bennett, who'd been befriended by the Kid many years before, said, "I'll take good care of him. I know he'll make good in Detroit."

***

And so there came that sunny morning in July 1932, when the Kid tasted freedom for the first time in seven years, three months, and 10 days.

He wrote to warden Holohan about his plane flight to Detroit, saying, "I was so excited, I didn't sleep all night. I look forward to the future. With a good job waiting for me with the Ford company, I know I will never disappoint you and all the wonderful people who helped me."

The terms of his parole kept McCoy close to Detroit for five years. When he became totally free in 1937, he continued working for Ford, but made occasional trips out of town. One of these was to Rushville, Indiana, near the place of his birth, where he took unto himself his eighth wife, the former Sue Cobb Cowley, a cousin of famous humorist Irvin S. Cobb. Another trip was to New York, where he, Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, and a fellow ring wizard, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, cut up old touches and reminisced fondly about the good old days.

Things were going well for the Kid. He had a life-long job and a happy marriage, and wherever he went, people would gather around him for an autograph, a word, or a handshake. Life had never been better. Or so it seemed.

Then suddenly, Kid McCoy gave up for the first—and last—time in his life. On the cold, dreary morning of April 18, 1940, a detective and the manager of Detroit's Tuller Hotel stood looking down at the stiff body of the man who'd killed himself in his room during the night, killed himself by swallowing almost a hundred sleeping pills.

Said the manager, "Norman Selby, it says, and Selby was how he checked in yesterday. Wasn't that his right name?"

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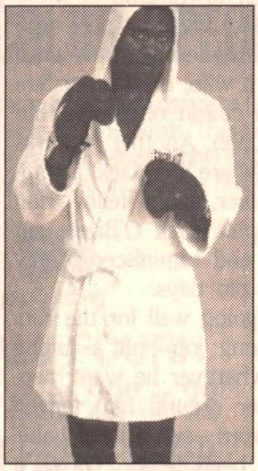

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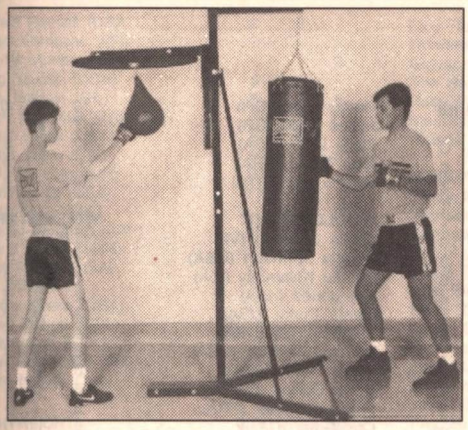

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Worldwide Ratings

WBC as of February

WBA as of January

IBF as of March

HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lennox Lewis (GB)	C	-	-
Riddick Bowe (USA)	-	C	C
Tony Tucker (USA)	1	1	2
Evander Holyfield (USA)	2	3	3
George Foreman (USA)	3	4	1
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	4	12	-
Alex Stewart (JAM)	5	7	9
Alex Garcia (USA)	6	5	8
Tommy Morrison (USA)	7	6	6
Michael Moorer (USA)	8	2	4
Tony Tubbs (USA)	9	-	-
Frank Bruno (GB)	10	11	5
Ray Mercer (USA)	21	8	-
Michael Dokes (USA)	-	9	-
Herbie Hide (GB)	-	10	-
Oliver McCall (USA)	-	-	7
Mike Hunter (USA)	-	-	10

CRUISERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	-	-
Bobby Czyz (USA)	-	C	-
Alfred Cole (USA)	-	-	C
Akim Tafer (FRA)	1	2	7
Nate Miller (USA)	2	5	3
Marcelo Figueroa (ARG)	3	3	6
Massimiliano Duran (ITA)	4	-	-
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	5	-	-
Arthur Williams (USA)	6	4	4
Robert Daniels (USA)	7	9	-
Richard Mason (USA)	8	10	-
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	9	6	8
Derek Angol (GB)	10	-	-
Orlin Norris (USA)	-	1	1
James Warring (USA)	11	7	5
Kenny Keene (USA)	13	8	-
Uriah Grant (USA)	-	12	2
Jade Scott (USA)	12	-	9
Frans Botha (SA)	16	11	10

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	C	-	-
Virgil Hill (USA)	-	C	-
Charles Williams (USA)	-	-	C
Randall Yonker (USA)	1	7	-
David Vedder (USA)	2	-	-
Frank Tate (USA)	3	3	4
Crawford Ashley (GB)	4	5	-
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	5	-	3
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	6	-	-
Mike McCallum (JAM)	7	-	-
Wan Sub Lee (KOR)	8	4	-
Andrew Maynard (USA)	9	-	-
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	10	6	6
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	12	1	11
Henry Maske (GER)	-	2	2
Yawe Davis (ITA)	11	8	-
Isaias Lucero (MEX)	24	9	-
Tim Hillie (USA)	-	10	1
Iran Barkley (USA)	-	-	5
Egerton Marcus (CAN)	-	11	7
Darjusz Michalczawski (POL)	19	-	8
Adolpho Washington (USA)	-	12	9
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	14	-	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	-	-
Michael Nunn (USA)	-	C	-
James Toney (USA)	-	-	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	7	7
Frank Nicotra (FRA)	2	1	3
Tim Littles (USA)	3	2	2
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	4	5	1
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	5	-	-
Frank Liles (USA)	6	3	8
Tony Thornton (USA)	7	-	4
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	8	4	-
Thulani Malinga (SA)	9	-	-
Victor Cordoba (PAN)	10	6	-
Fidel Castro Smith (GB)	12	8	-
Merqui Sosa (DR)	19	9	10
James Cook (GB)	11	10	-
Steve Little (USA)	17	-	5
Jean Tsidjo (FRA)	-	-	6
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	14	-	9

MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julian Jackson (VI)	C	-	-
Reggie Johnson (USA)	-	C	-
Sumbu Kalambay (ITA)	1	1	5
Roy Jones (USA)	2	2	2
Lamar Parks (USA)	3	4	3
Thomas Tate (USA)	4	-	-
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	5	3	1
Jorge Castro (ARG)	6	8	-
Steve Collins (USA)	7	6	-
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	8	-	-
Otis Grant (CAN)	9	11	-
Francesco Dell'Aquila (ITA)	10	9	-
Joe Gatti (USA)	13	5	11
Mike McCallum (JAM)	-	7	6
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	25	10	-
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	-	-	4
Thomas Tate (USA)	-	-	7
Gilbert Baptist (USA)	16	-	8
Brett Lally (USA)	12	-	9
Frank Grant (GB)	11	-	10

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	-	-
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	-	C	-
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Simon Brown (USA)	1	5	-
Aaron Davis (USA)	2	1	7
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	3	4	8
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	4	-	5
Carl Daniels (USA)	5	7	2
Yung Kil Chung (KOR)	6	3	-
Vincent Pettway (USA)	7	10	1
Andy Till (GB)	8	11	11
Louis Howard (USA)	9	-	-
Stephen Martinez (USA)	10	-	-
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	-	2	-
Aquilino Asprilla (PAN)	-	6	-
Curtis Summit (USA)	-	8	-
Vernon Phillips (USA)	-	9	-
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	15	-	3
Jean-Claude Fontana (FRA)	11	-	4
Lloyd Honeyghan (GB)	17	-	6
Jorge Castro (ARG)	-	-	9
Julio Green (USA)	-	-	10

WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
James McGirt (USA)	C	-	-
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	-	C	-
Maurice Blocker (USA)	-	-	C
Santos Cardona (PR)	1	-	-
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	2	3	2
Vernon Phillips (USA)	3	-	-
Genaro Leon (MEX)	4	9	-
Felix Trinidad (PR)	5	-	7
Ike Quartey (GHA)	6	8	8
Jong Oh Park (KOR)	7	1	-
Gary Jacobs (GB)	8	-	10
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	9	4	6
Larry Barnes (USA)	10	-	5
Ludovic Proto (FRA)	18	2	-
Kevin Pompey (USA)	14	5	3
Moises Rivera (PR)	-	6	-
Luis Garcia (VEN)	16	7	1
Rodolfo Aguilar (PAN)	-	10	-
Stephan Johnson (USA)	13	-	4
Angel Hernandez (SPA)	-	-	9

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	-	-
Juan Coggi (ARG)	-	C	-
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	-	-	C
Terrence Alli (USA)	1	1	1

Frankie Randall (USA)	2	3	-
Hector Camacho (PR)	3	-	-
Charles Murray (USA)	4	-	2
Greg Haugen (USA)	5	-	-
Andy Holligan (GB)	6	12	5
Valery Kayumba (ZAI)	7	2	11
Hector Lopez (USA)	8	8	-
Kostya Tszyu (CIS)	9	-	8
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	10	-	-
Loreto Garza (USA)	17	4	-
Morris East (PHIL)	-	5	12
Akinobu Hiranaka (JAP)	16	6	-
Alberto Cortes (ARG)	--	7	-
Vince Phillips (USA)	13	9	6
Joe Rivera (PR)	-	10	-
Rodney Moore (USA)	12	-	3
Rafael Pineda (COL)	14	-	4
William Ruiz (COL)	-	-	7
Angel Hernandez (PR)	11	-	9
Pedro Padilla (COL)	-	-	10

LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Miguel Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Tony Lopez (USA)	-	C	-
Fred Pendleton (USA)	-	-	C
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	1	5	1
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	2	3	6
Leavander Johnson (USA)	3	-	-
Darryll Tyson (USA)	4	10	-
Jean Mendy (FRA)	5	6	5
Ramon Marchena (MEX)	6	-	-
Nazarov Olzubek (CIS)	7	2	11
Wilfrido Rocha (COL)	8	-	-
Chad Broussard (USA)	9	11	-
Miguel Julio (COL)	10	8	2
Dingaan Thobela (SA)	12	1	9
Joey Gamache (USA)	13	4	10
Fabian Tejeda (ARG)	16	7	-
Jorge Paez (MEX)	-	9	7
Eduardo Molina (COL)	25	-	3
Tracy Spann (USA)	15	-	4
Sergei Artemiev (CIS)	14	12	8

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	-	-
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	-	C	-
John-John Molina (PR)	-	-	C
Regilio Tuur (HOLL)	1	12	8
Gabe Ruelas (USA)	2	4	5
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	3	-	-
Calvin Grove (USA)	4	9	4
Bernard Taylor (USA)	5	-	1
Renato Cornett (AUSTRL)	6	6	9
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	7	8	-
Jimmy Garcia (COL)	8	-	-
Jacobin Yoma (FRA)	9	-	-
Eugene Speed (USA)	10	-	11
Harold Warren (USA)	-	1	-
Jesus Gutierrez (PAN)	-	2	-
Marcos Guevara (VEN)	23	3	-
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	-	5	-
Narciso Valenzuela (MEX)	15	7	-
John Brown (USA)	20	10	-
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	24	-	2
Orlando Marimon (COL)	-	-	3
Frankie Avelar (USA)	-	-	6
November Ntshingila (SA)	-	-	7
Coco Ramirez (MEX)	-	-	10

FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Paul Hodkinson (GB)	C	-	-
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	-	C	-
Manuel Medina (MEX)	-	-	C
Kevin Kelley (USA)	1	2	2
Goyo Vargas (MEX)	2	-	-
James Leija (USA)	3	7	4
Jose Ramos (DR)	4	-	-
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	5	-	-
Tony Green (USA)	6	-	5
Ever Beleno (COL)	7	5	10
Seiji Asakawa (JAP)	8	9	-
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	9	4	8
Colin McMillan (GB)	10	-	-
Tom Johnson (USA)	-	1	1
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	-	3	-
Orlando Soto (PAN)	-	6	3
Giovanni Nieves (VEN)	-	8	-
Tae Sik Chun (KOR)	23	10	-
Baby Rojas (COL)	-	-	6
Maurizio Stecca (ITA)	12	-	7
Moises Pedroza (COL)	-	-	9

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Tracy Patterson (USA)	C	-	-
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	-	C	-
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	-	-	C
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	1	-	-
Jesus Salud (USA)	2	7	1
Julio Gervacio (DR)	3	-	4
Rudy Zavala (USA)	4	11	7
Cesar Soto (MEX)	5	-	6
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	6	2	-
Jose Garcia (DR)	7	-	-
Welcome Ncita (SA)	8	8	3
Jesse Benavides (USA)	9	-	-
Freddie Cruz (DR)	10	-	-
Luis Mendoza (COL)	-	1	8
Hiroaki Yokota (JAP)	12	3	-
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	13	4	-
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	28	5	-
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	24	6	-
Thierry Jacob (FRA)	21	9	-
Arnullo Romero (PAN)	-	10	-
Richard Duran (USA)	18	-	2
Jose Rincones (VEN)	-	-	5
Nurhuda (INDO)	29	-	9
Raul Perez (MEX)	-	-	10

BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	C	-	-
Eliecer Julio (COL)	-	C	-
Orlando Canizales (USA)	-	-	C
Junior Jones (USA)	1	1	1
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	2	10	12
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	3	-	-
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	4	2	-
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	5	4	-
Eddie Cook (USA)	6	3	7
Jung Il Byun (KOR)	7	-	-
Samuel Duran (PHIL)	8	-	11
Jesus Sarabia (USA)	9	-	-
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	10	5	-
Abraham Torres (VEN)	-	6	5
Nana Konadu (GHA)	-	7	-
Israel Contreras (VEN)	-	8	-
Miguel Lora (COL)	-	9	-
Clarence Adams (USA)	-	-	2
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	-	-	3
Harold Mestre (COL)	27	-	4
Junai Ramayana (INDO)	-	-	6
Luis Rolon (PR)	-	-	8
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	-	-	9
Javier Leon (MEX)	15	-	10

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	C	-	-
Katsuya Onizuka (JAP)	-	C	-
Julio Borboa (MEX)	-	-	C
Joel Luna (MEX)	1	4	1
Greg Richardson (USA)	2	-	-
Thalerngsak Sithbaobay (THAI)	3	1	-
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	4	-	-
Armando Salazar (MEX)	5	-	-
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	6	-	7
Josefino Suarez (MEX)	7	7	3
Nana Konadu (GHA)	8	-	-
Marco Barrera (MEX)	9	-	-
Bernardo Mendoza (CHILE)	10	-	-
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	20	2	12
Hyun Chul Lee (KOR)	18	3	-
Armando Castro (MEX)	17	5	-
Jung Il Byun (KOR)	-	6	-
David Marchan (VEN)	-	8	-
Ernie Cataluna (PHIL)	-	9	-
Carlos Mercado (COL)	12	10	2
Robert Quiroga (USA)	23	-	4
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	-	-	5
Little Guns Pumar (PHIL)	-	-	6
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	-	-	8
Lamhot Simamora (INDO)	30	11	9
Ole Kiatwonway (THAI)	-	-	10

FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (CIS)	C	-	-
David Griman (VEN)	-	C	-
Phichit Sithbangprachan (THAI)	-	-	C
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	-	1
Alberto Jimenez (MEX)	2	-	-
Muangchai Kittikasem (THAI)	3	-	-
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	4	6	-
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	5	-	-
Al Kotey (GHA)	6	-	-
Hugo Soto (ARG)	7	-	-
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	8	-	-
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	9	-	-
Scotty Olson (CAN)	10	11	3
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	19	1	8
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	12	2	-
Evangelio Perez (PAN)	-	3	-
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	-	4	-
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	-	5	-
Hisashi Tokushima (JAP)	21	7	-
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	-	8	2
Robbie Regan (GB)	14	9	11
San S. Pleonchit (THAI)	-	10	4
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	17	-	5
Harold Grey (COL)	-	-	6
Antonio Perez (MEX)	-	-	7
Dave McAuley (IRE)	11	-	9
Tongchai Kittikasem (THAI)	-	-	10

LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	-	C	-
Michael Carbajal (USA)	-	-	C
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	1	4	-
Javier Varguez (MEX)	2	-	8
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	3	11	9
Raul Rios (MEX)	4	6	-
Kwang Sun Kim (KOR)	5	8	-
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	6	3	7
Domingo Sosa (DR)	7	-	-
Jesus Chong (MEX)	8	7	-
Juan A. Torres (PAN)	9	1	1
Jorge Blanco (COL)	10	-	-
Leo Gamez (VEN)	21	2	-
Virgilio Chifundo (PAN)	17	5	-
Yong Jin Kim (KOR)	26	9	-
Rafael Torres (DR)	-	10	-
Phalan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	-	-	2
Leon Salazar (PAN)	14	-	3
Azadin Anhar (INDO)	-	-	4
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	-	-	5
Robinson Cuesta (PAN)	28	-	6
Pronchai Sitpapom (THAI)	-	-	10

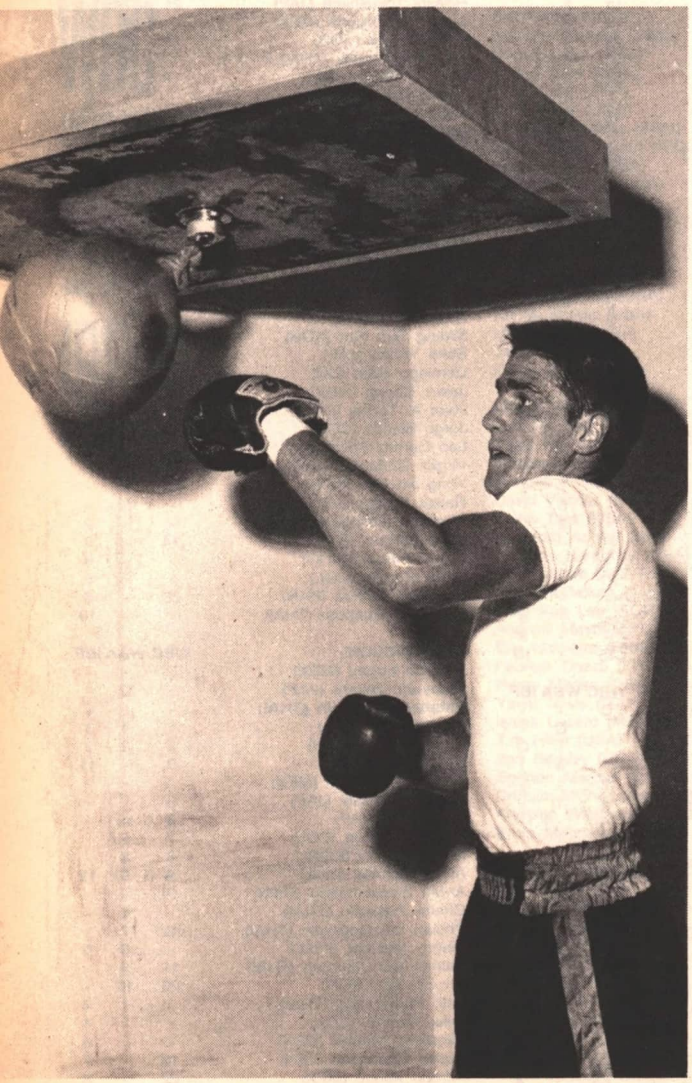
STRAWWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	-	-
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	-	C	-
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	-	-	C
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	1	4	1
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	2	2	2
Rafael Torres (DR)	3	-	11
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	4	-	-
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	5	-	-
Rocky Lim (JAP)	6	12	-
Kermin Guardia (COL)	7	5	-
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	8	3	-
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	9	6	12
Aswin Sithlukmuang (THAI)	10	-	-
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	-	1	-
Phalan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	12	7	-
Manny Melchor (PHIL)	-	8	5
Saman Sor Jaturong (THAI)	11	9	-
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	20	10	-
Toto Pongswang (THAI)	-	-	3
Felix Naranjo (COL)	-	-	4
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	-	-	6
Carlos Rodriguez (VEN)	18	-	7
Alfredo Xeque (MEX)	22	-	8
Marcelino Bolivar (VEN)	19	-	9
Nico Thomas (INDO)	-	-	10

RING CLASSIC

VIVO ITALIA!

Liveliest Boxing Nation In Europe, Italy Continues To Add Chapters To Its Impressive Ring History

From The Ring, March 1964



Italy's national middleweight champion is the charismatic Nino Benvenuti, a gold medalist at the 1960 Olympic Games. The quick 160-pounder is unbeaten.

By Jersey Jones

Mazzinghi . . . Benvenuti . . . Del Papa . . . Tomasoni . . . Piazza . . . Burruni . . . Campari . . . Visintin . . .

No, it isn't a list of stopovers on a grand tour of Italy. The names are not those of cities, towns, or hamlets, but of some of the many sons of Sunny Italy who are making further contributions to boxing's colorful history.

With most of the "established" boxing centers of this restless world—particularly the United States, Britain, and France—bemoaning a general decline in pugilistic operations, Italy is one nation where leather-tossing continues to prosper. There seems to be no shortage there in either fighters or public interest in the trade.

The land of Caesar and Garibaldi is far and away the liveliest boxing country in Europe, if not in the world. Milan and Rome are the leading centers of ring activity, but Bologna, Naples, San Remo, Ancona, Cremona, Mestre, Genoa, Venice, Ascoli, Florence, Moderna, Ferrara, St. Vincent, Brescia, Alessandria, Pavia, and the Sardinian cities of Cagliari and Sassari are among the many communities operating on fairly regular schedules.

The result, naturally, is an abundance of fighters of assorted qualifications. In the lot are several who have already established prominent reputations in the international market and loom as strong possibilities for world titles.

From an American standpoint—because of the many Yanks he has beaten—the best known is middleweight Alessandro Mazzinghi, a 25-year-old clouter who finished his spectacular 1963 campaign with a pair of knockouts over Ralph Dupas for the World Boxing Association's so-called junior middleweight championship. Mazzinghi first polished off Dupas in nine rounds in Milan, then journeyed to "neutral"

Australia to demolish the shifty New Orleans veteran again, this time in 13 rounds in Sydney.

Even before the Dupas episodes, Mazzinghi had been attracting the attention of American authorities. An exciting slugger with a lusty clout, the Italian had put together an impressive punching record in Italian and French rings. Up to the Dupas affairs, Sandro had accounted for 21 knockouts in 29 professional starts, and among the victims of his sock soporific were several importations from the United States and Canada. Rocky Randall was finished in one round, Don Fullmer in eight, and Wilfie Greaves in five.

Another outstanding Italian middleweight is 26-year-old Nino Benvenuti, current holder of the national title. Olympic champion in 1960, Benvenuti has been unbeaten so far in three years of professional competition, with a string of 41 wins, nearly half by knockouts. From an American standpoint, his most notable performances have been a knockout of Victor Zalazar and decisions over Isaac Logart, Jimmy Beecham, Gaspar Ortega, and Teddy Wright.

The Italians haven't been too fortunate with their heavyweight entries in recent years. Their most notable disappointments were Franco Cavicchi, Mino Bozzano, and Franco DePiccoli, and their current champion, Sante Amonti, has just been demolished by Floyd Patterson in Sweden. But they are beginning to develop some enthusiasm for a 23-year-old product of Cremona, Benito Penna, former European amateur champion and unbeaten in two years of professional competition. Eight of his 12 wins have ended in knockouts, and against increasingly stronger

THE RING RATINGS, *March 1964*

Eder Jofre

HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Sonny Liston**, Denver, CO

1. **Cassius Clay**, Louisville, KY
2. **Doug Jones**, New York, NY
3. **Ernest Terrell**, Philadelphia, PA
4. **Cleveland Williams**, Houston, TX
5. **Zora Folley**, Chandler, AZ
6. **Eddie Machen**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Floyd Patterson**, Scarsdale, NY
8. **Karl Mildenberger**, Germany
9. **George Chuvalo**, Canada
10. **Brian London**, England

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Willie Pastrano**, Miami, FL

1. **Eddie Cotton**, Seattle, WA
2. **Harold Johnson**, Philadelphia, PA
3. **Giulio Rinaldi**, Italy
4. **Mauro Mina**, Peru
5. **Gregorio Peralta**, Argentina
6. **Bobo Olson**, Honolulu, HI
7. **Henry Hank**, Detroit, MI
8. **Wayne Thornton**, Fresno, CA
9. **Terry Downes**, England
10. **Gustav Scholz**, Germany

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Joey Giardello**, Cherry Hill, NJ

1. **Dick Tiger**, Nigeria
2. **Joey Archer**, New York, NY
3. **Rubin Carter**, Paterson, NJ
4. **Laszlo Papp**, Hungary
5. **Gene Fullmer**, West Jordan, UT
6. **Sandro Mazzinghi**, Italy
7. **Nino Benvenuti**, Italy
8. **Luis Folledo**, Spain
9. **Jose Torres**, Puerto Rico
10. **Joe Gonzalez**, New York, NY

WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Emile Griffith**, West New York, NJ

1. **Luis Rodriguez**, Miami, FL
2. **Joe Stable**, New York, NY
3. **Brian Curvis**, Wales
4. **Ralph Dupas**, New Orleans, LA
5. **Rip Randall**, Houston, TX
6. **Federico Thompson**, Argentina
7. **Curtis Cokes**, Dallas, TX
8. **Gaspar Ortega**, Mexico
9. **Dick Turner**, Philadelphia, PA
10. **Stan Harrington**, Honolulu, HI

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Eddie Perkins**, Chicago, IL

1. **Louis Molina**, San Jose, CA
2. **Angel Garcia**, France
3. **Roberto Cruz**, Philippines
4. **Jose Napoles**, Mexico
5. **Aissa Hashas**, France
6. **Battling Torres**, Mexico
7. **Bobby Scanlon**, Sacramento, CA
8. **Rodolfo (Tito) Marshall**, Panama
9. **Mario Rositto**, Colombia
10. **Enoch Nhlapo**, South Africa

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Carlos Ortiz**, New York, NY

1. **Kenny Lane**, Muskegon, MI
2. **Carlos Hernandez**, Venezuela
3. **Alfredo Urbina**, Mexico
4. **Dave Charnley**, England
5. **Bunny Grant**, Jamaica
6. **Paul Armstead**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Teruo Kosaka**, Japan
8. **Nicolino Locche**, Argentina
9. **Doug Vaillant**, Cuba
10. **Sandro Lopopolo**, Italy

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Flash Elorde**, Manila, Philippines

1. **Johnny Bizzarro**, Erie, PA
2. **Love Allotey**, Ghana
3. **Vincente Derado**, Argentina
4. **Jose Luis Cruz**, Mexico
5. **Auburn Copeland**, Flint, MI
6. **Yukio Katsumato**, Japan
7. **Kazuo Takayama**, Japan
8. **Young Terror**, Philippines
9. **Ray Adigun**, Nigeria
10. **Mel Middleton**, Philadelphia, PA

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Sugar Ramos**, Mexico

1. **Mitsunori Seki**, Japan
2. **Ismael Laguna**, Panama
3. **Howard Winstone**, Wales
4. **Rafiu King**, Nigeria
5. **Don Johnson**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Danny Valdez**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Floyd Robertson**, Ghana
8. **Willi Quatour**, Germany
9. **Antonio Herrera**, Colombia
10. **Billy Calvert**, England

BANTAMWEIGHTS

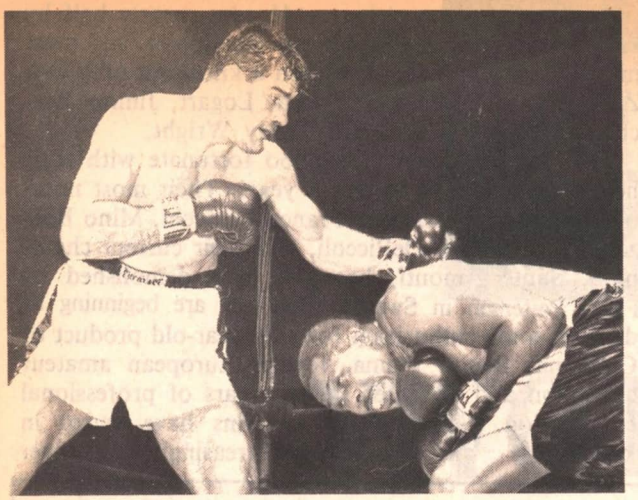
World Champ: **Eder Jofre**, Brazil

1. **Joe Medel**, Mexico
2. **Fighting Harada**, Japan
3. **Alphonse Halimi**, France
4. **Ronnie Jones**, Chicago, IL
5. **Piero Rollo**, Italy
6. **Jesus Pimental**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Manny Barrios**, Mexico
8. **Mimun Ben Ali**, Spain
9. **Risto Luukkonen**, Finland
10. **Ray Asis**, Stockton, CA

FLYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Hiroyuki Ebihara**, Japan

1. **Salvatore Burruni**, Italy
2. **Bernardo Caraballo**, Colombia
3. **Horacio Accavallo**, Argentina
4. **Pone Kingpetch**, Thailand
5. **Efren Torres**, Mexico
6. **Leon Zulueta**, Philippines
7. **Walter McGowan**, Scotland
8. **Takeshi Nakamura**, Japan
9. **Pascual Perez**, Argentina
10. **Raton Mojica**, Nicaragua



Light heavyweight Giulio Rinaldi was no match for world champion Archie Moore, who defeated the Italian by 15-round decision in June 1961.

opposition.

Two other unbeaten Italian favorites are 25-year-old light heavyweight Piero del Papa and 24-year-old lightweight Sandro Lopopolo, both of whom seem ready to make their bids for world recognition. Lopopolo's most recent outing resulted in a decision over clever Cuban Doug Vaillant.

During 1963, the busiest main event performer in all Europe was the veteran 30-year-old flyweight Salvatore Burruni, victor in all 17 starts. Burruni was an outstanding amateur, winner of several international titles, before he turned professional in 1957. In 63 outings since then, only one draw and three defeats have marred an otherwise perfect score. And his last defeat was four years ago, in March 1960! Burruni won the European flyweight title in June 1961, and has successfully defended it four times against the strongest opposition the continent could send against him.

American authorities need no introduction to Giulio Rinaldi, 29-year-old holder of the European light heavyweight championship. Rinaldi didn't look too impressive in his lone start in the United States, when he lost to Archie Moore in their world title meeting in New York in 1961. Giulio was poorly advised in that bout. Had he used his natural strength and stamina to crowd Moore from the start, it is doubtful that Ancient Archie's legs would have held him up for 15 rounds. Instead, the Italian elected to box, and that was just what cagey old Archie wanted. Rinaldi was, and is, a much better fighter than he showed in that bout, which, incidentally, was the last defeat suffered by the Italian. He wrested the European 175-pound laurels last year from the previously unbeaten German, Erich Schoppner.

Among the many other natives who've been contributing to boxing's popularity throughout Italy are a trio of 30-year-old veterans, welterweights Bruno Visintin and Fortunato Manca and lightweight Giordano Campari. Younger favorites include welterweight Luciano Piazza, 25, and lightweight Franco Musso, 26.

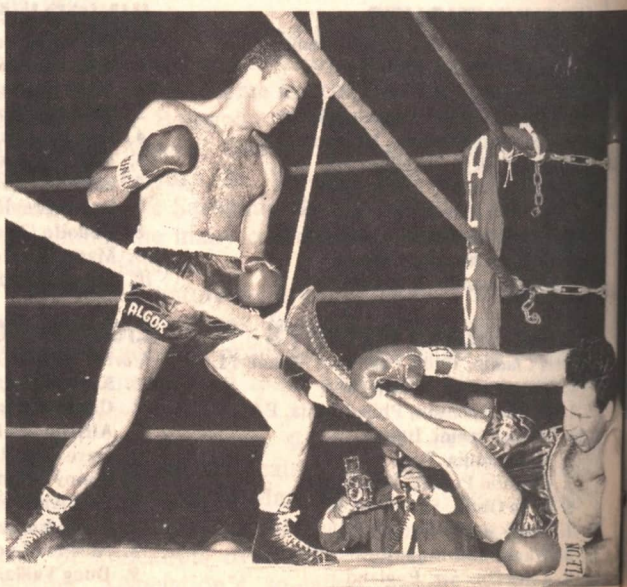
One of the many encouraging features of boxing and its popularity throughout Italy is the attention paid to the development of the nation's future professionals, the amateurs. The Federazione Puglistica Italiana, which controls *all* boxing in Italy, is strict about approving an amateur's request to turn professional. The Federation must be convinced that the aspirant is fully qualified before giving its consent, and the aspirant usually has to serve a rugged apprenticeship with the medal-chasers before he is permitted to compete with the punch-for-pay contingent.

Sons and nephews of Sunny Italy have long played important roles in major boxing events. Even today, two of them, American-born veterans light heavyweight Willie Pastrano and middleweight Joey Giardello, are world champions.

The influence of Italians in modern boxing began with the advent of Casper Leon (Leoni) during the 1890s. By today's standards, Leon would have been listed as a flyweight—he scaled only 105 pounds—but there was no flyweight division in that era, and Caspar competed as a bantamweight. Born in Sicily, but reared in New York, Leon began his ring career in 1891 and ended it 10 years later. He was Jimmy Barry's most persistent rival during the Chicagoan's reign as bantamweight champion. Casper never was able to beat Barry, but in six meetings he earned four draws, lost once, and engaged in one no-decision bout.

One of the finest ring mechanics in history was Johnny Dundee, born Giuseppe Carrora in Italy, but, like Leon, raised in New York. Dundee's remarkable career began in 1910, ended in 1932, and embraced 321 bouts with all the top featherweights and lightweights of his era. Johnny became featherweight champion in 1923.

Dundee, the first Italian to be elected to boxing's Hall of Fame, acquired his *nom de ring* from his manager, Scotty Montieth. Fearing parental displeasure when he began boxing, Johnny adopted the title Young Marino. That didn't sound much like a fighting name to Montieth, but Scotty decided to let it stay until he could think of a better one. He was looking for something different, something distinctive. One day Montieth was humming an old Scottish air, "Bonnie Dundee." That was it! A Scottish name for an Italian! What sensational publicity it would mean! So Giuseppe Carrora, alias Young Marino, became



In September 1963, powerpuncher Sandro Mazzinghi won the world junior middleweight title when he kayoed New Orleans' Ralph Dupas in the ninth round.

Featherweight champion Johnny Dundee was really Giuseppe Carrora. He changed his name because he didn't want his mother to know he was fighting.

Johnny Dundee. It was Danny Lyons, then boxing writer on the old *New York Globe*, who hung the tag "Scotch-Wop" on Montieth's protege.

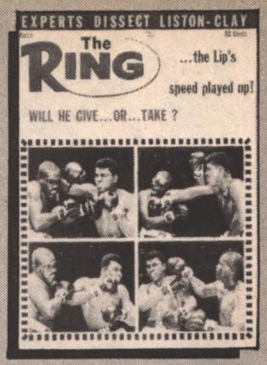
The colorful little Italian became such an outstanding fighter and popular attraction that a variable parade of other "Dundees," all Italians, followed him into ring warfare. Two of them became world champions. They were the Dundee Brothers (Lazzaros) of Baltimore. Joe acquired the welterweight title, and Vince part of the then-disputed middleweight laurels.

Through the years, sons and nephews of Sunny Italy have produced world champions in every weight class, from ponderous heavyweight down to tiny flyweight. The big 'uns have been Primo Carnera and Rocky Marciano. Light heavys have included Melio Bettina and Joey Maxim. Besides Vince Dundee, the middleweight entries have been Johnny Wilson, Fred Apostoli, Rocky Graziano, Jake LaMotta, and Carmen Basilio. Basilio also was welterweight champion, as were Young Corbett III, Marty Servo, and Tony DeMarco. Lightweights have produced Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mandell, Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers, Sammy Angott, and Paddy DeMarco. Along with Johnny Dundee, featherweights have been represented by Canzoneri, Bat Battalino, Harry Jeffra, Petey Scalzo, Phil Terranova, Sal Bartolo, and Willie Pep. The bantamweight title has been held by Pete Herman, Bushy Graham, Tony Marino, Harry Jeffra, Lou Salica, and Mario D'Agata, and the flyweights have crowned Frankie Genaro, Fidel LaBarba, and Midget Wolgast. Various "junior" champions and title claimants would add another score of names to the impressive list.

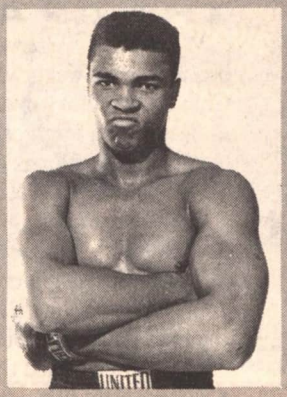
Just by way of an added mention, the outstanding fighter in Australia at the moment is an Italian immigrant, 22-year-old flyweight Rocky Gattelari.

Vivo Italia! ■

THE RING, March 1964

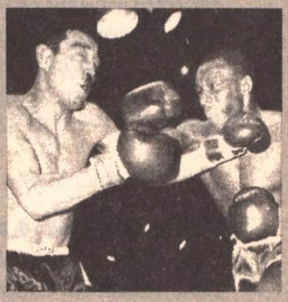


The Cover: Will Cassius Clay's speed offset heavyweight champion Sonny Liston's power and strength? Featured are four action shots from Clay's points win over Doug Jones. He'll have to be much sharper against Liston.



Polling The Experts: *The Ring* quizzes boxing insiders on the upcoming Liston-Clay showdown. Almost to a man, they pick Liston by kayo. The only expert who gives Clay (pictured) a chance is Managing Editor Nat Loubet, who writes, "We might see a surprise."

Langford vs. Flynn: Fresh from the files of fight film collector extraordinaire Jim Jacobs comes a handful of priceless photos taken during the March 1910 heavyweight rumble pitting Sam Langford against "Fireman" Jim Flynn. It was a foul-filled encounter, with Langford winning by kayo in round eight.

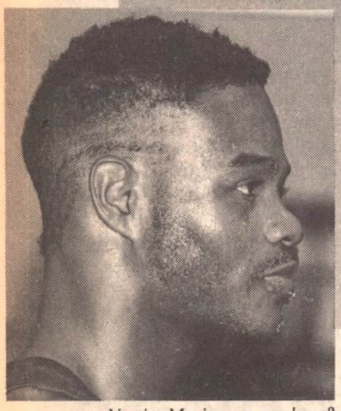


Title Fight Scare: World junior welterweight champion Eddie Perkins enjoyed an easy defense when he traveled to Tokyo and kayoed Yoshinori Takahashi in the 13th round. But Perkins grew concerned when the downed challenger fell unconscious and was rushed to the hospital. Fortunately, he recovered and was released one day later.

Fighter Of The Month: Junior welterweight champion Eddie Perkins (pictured) receives the honor based on his title fight victory over Japan's Yoshinori Takahashi. Among those also worthy of mention: Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, who kayoed welterweight champion Emile Griffith, and European middleweight champion Laszlo Papp, who stopped Spain's Luis Folledo.

Looking Ahead

By Ed Maloney



Norris: Moving up or down?

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP

WBC super welterweight champion Terry Norris has taken some criticism for beating up on welterweights, and then challenging WBC 140-pound king Julio Cesar Chavez. A victory over Chavez, his thinking goes, would bring him recognition as the sport's best fighter. But with a Chavez-Pernell Whitaker title fight set for September, Team Norris has been forced to look elsewhere for prey.

"We've got several offers on the table," says Joe Sayatovich, Norris' manager. "Terry's next big fight will probably be against [WBA middleweight champion] Reggie Johnson, the winner of the Julian Jackson-Gerald McClellan bout [for the WBC middleweight crown], or a unification bout against [WBA 154-pound king] Julio Cesar Vasquez. It all depends on what the television networks want. They're the ones paying the big money."

Sayatovich added that Norris is intrigued by the idea of dropping in weight to win a welterweight title—he's already beaten two reigning 147-pound titlists—and then taking on the middleweights. Now *that's* a recipe for greatness.

Rafael Ruelas: Waiting for a shot

BETTING ON BLUE CHIPS

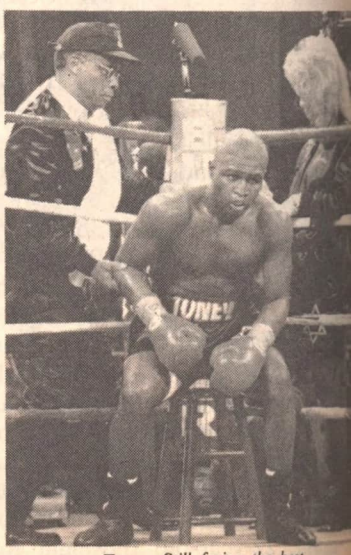
You'd think that guiding two hot contenders would make California's Dan Goossen feel like a major player in boxing. But that's not the case for the man who promotes brothers Gabriel and Rafael Ruelas. "It seems the only time my fighters get title shots is when they're mandatory challengers," he says. "This goes back to when we had Michael Nunn."

But Goossen has a pair of blue chips to use in negotiations. Rafael is currently the mandatory challenger for IBF lightweight champion Fred Pendleton and WBC king Miguel Angel Gonzalez, and though Gabe just lost a majority decision to WBC super featherweight champion Azumah Nelson, Goossen is confident that he'll be offered a second title shot before the end of the year.

"Gabe realizes he had the Nelson fight won, but let it slip away," Goossen says. "Now we'd like to fight [WBA champion] Genaro Hernandez. That would be a big fight for Southern California."

LISTEN UP

Give IBF super middleweight champion **James Toney** credit for continuing to face the best available competition. According to the New York *Daily News,* Toney is considering an HBO-televised partial unification battle against WBC champion **Nigel Benn** in July. In England, no less . . . Look for **Charles Murray** (number two) and **Rodney Moore** (number three) to clash for the IBF junior welterweight title vacated by **Pernell Whitaker**. **Terrence Alli** is rated first, but he's committed to a try at WBC champion **Julio Cesar Chavez** . . . Next for the sizzling **Oscar De La Hoya** will be **Juan LaPorte** . . . Don't look for **Terry Norris** to be fighting on any Duva-promoted cards in the near-future. Team Norris has filed suit in New Jersey Federal Court, claiming Main Events Inc. owes the fighter $200,000 from his purse for his February defense vs. **Maurice Blocker**. ■



Toney: Still facing the best

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